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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Genius of Judaism. 8vo. pp. 266. London, 1833. Moxon.

At a time when the claims of our Jewish citizens to be admitted fully and freely within the pale of the British constitution occupy the attention of the public and the legislature, a work like the present, full of intelligence and reasoning which would always be acceptable, is entitled to a double share of approbation and interest. The author, himself a Hebrew, has treated his subject in a manner that throws much new light upon it; developing the human causes which have contributed so long to keep the Jews as a separate people among all the nations of the earth, and which still continue to operate upon their unexampled position. He shews us why they remain so unchanged and changeless in every clime, and amidst every vicissitude; and, from their laws, and customs, and observances, he contends that they may now throw off some of their ignorant and debasing superstitions, and enter upon the privileges of advanced civilisation, without danger either to the genius of Judaism or the genius of Christianity.

With the Jew every thing is ancient, and nothing obsolete. Their laws constituting their religion, has rendered both immutable; for a breach of faith was a crime, and punished so severely as to prevent such lapses as have subdivided other religions into innumerable opinions and sects. The Jews have also adhered more firmly to their creed in consequence of their having received their written law as a Divine institution, and their having set apart the Sabbatic periods to recall them, as it were, for ever to their original destination. The multitude of their rites, and their ceremonial law, and the prohibition from partaking of the food of any other but an Israelite, have also largely contributed to their preservation as a peculiar race.

Such are the broad principles discussed by the writer—principles which demonstrate the extraordinary character of Moses as a lawgiver; and from these he deduces the conclusion we have intimated respecting the English Jews, and their eligibility to be admitted to the same rights as other natives of England. But he is not the defender of, or apologist for, the monstrous Talmudical and other corruptions which have so largely deformed Judaism: on the contrary, his exposure of these is one of the most useful and valuable portions of the volume before us, and from which we shall now select a few extracts by way of illustration. The mode in which the human superseded the divine code is thus explained:—

"The institutes of Moses are not in reality the laws of the Jews. Two human codes have superseded the code delivered from heaven; the one originates in imposture—that of their traditions; and the other is founded on tyranny—that of their customs. Twelve folios of the Babylonish Talmud, or 'the Doctrinal,' form this portentous monument in the intellectual history of man. Built up with all the strength

and the subtilty, but with all the abuse of the human understanding; founded on the infirmities of our nature, a system of superstitions has immersed the Hebrews in a mass of ritual ordinances, casuistical glosses, and arbitrary decisions, hardly equalled by their subsequent mimics of the papistry. The religious Judaism of the theocracy degenerated into rabbinical Judaism, by fabulous traditions and enslaving customs. Dictators of the human intellect, the rabbins, like their successors the papal Christians, attempted to raise a spurious theocracy of their own. A race of dreaming schoolmen contrived to place an avowed collection of mere human decisions among the hallowed verities and the duties of devotion; to graft opinions of men on the scion of divine institution; nay, even to prefer the gloss in direct opposition to the divine precept, whenever, as they express it, 'the tradition is not favoured;' that is, when the oral tradition absolutely contradicts the written law. The Jews live according to their laws, and according to their traditions and their customs; for their oral traditions have become an integral part of their written law, and their customs have been converted into rites. The Judaic superstitions have been substituted for the code of revelation. We may ask, by what perverse ingenuity, by what enthralling witchcraft, has such a revolution been brought about? An artifice, or rather the marvellous imposture of a bold and obscure fiction—one which admitted of no evidence, and which allowed of no denial, whose airy nature eluded the grasp while it charmed the eye—was the legend of the rabbins, by which they assumed that their supplement to the law of Moses was coexistent with the law itself. They maintained the existence of 'a chain of traditions,' which had never been broken from the foundation of Judaism. Whenever they refer to a Talmudical authority, they exultingly exclaim, 'This comes from Moses and Mount Sinai!' Their tale is circumstantial. Moses, after his frequent retirements to the sacred mount, on returning to his tent, delivered the written law and its interpretation to Aaron; but the interpretation, not being written, became their oral law. The sons of Aaron were then called in, and at the feet of the holy mediator received the same instruction from their father. The seventy elders were then admitted; and, finally, any of the people. Four times was the oral law thus repeated, and—for the tale has not yet closed—when the inspired legislator was preparing to withdraw from this life, he invited whoever had forgotten what they had heard from his lips, instantly to come to him to refresh their memories. The interval during the last month of the appearance of Moses on earth, was occupied in renewing their oral law. * * * This imposture of the divine origin of their traditions, found such favour in the eyes of the Hebrews, that, to confirm the faith of the sceptic, it was carried on with renovated vigour. They have deduced by names a series of 'the receivers of the traditions,' in chronological order. Their oral

law was perpetuated by Joshua, the judges, the prophets, and descended to the chiefs of the great synagogue, Ezra, Nehemiah, and others. A new dynasty of 'the receivers of the traditions' (for with oriental luxuriance they title their later rabbins 'the princes of the captivity') have their names and reigns recorded in the Jewish annals of their divinity schools. *

* * The Jews had incurred the solemn reproach in the days of Jesus, of having annihilated the word of God by the load of their traditions. The calamity became more fearful, when, two centuries after, they received the fatal gift of their collected traditions, called *Mishna*; and still more fatal, when, in the lapse of the three subsequent centuries, the epoch of the final compilation, was produced the commentary graced with the title of the *Gemara*—Completeness, or Perfection! 'It was imagined that the human intellect had here touched its meridian; the national mind was completely rabbinised; it became uniform, stable, and 'peculiar.' The Talmud, or the Doctrinal, as the whole is called, was the labour of nearly five hundred years. Here, then, we find a prodigious mass of contradictory opinions, an infinite number of casuistical cases, a logic of scholastic theology, some recondite wisdom, and much rambling dotage; many puerile tales and oriental fancies; ethics and sophisms, reasonings and unreasonings, subtle solutions, and maxims and riddles. Nothing in human life seems to have happened, which these doctors have not perplexed or provided against; for their observations are as minute as Swift exhausted in his 'Directions to Servants.' The children of Israel—always children—were delighted as their Talmud increased its volume and their hardships. The *Gemara* was a third law to elucidate the *Mishna*, which was a second law, and which had thrown the first law (the law of Moses) into obscurity. The sole education of the Jewish youth is restricted to their law and to their tribunal. It was early inculcated among the Jews to despise all profane studies; and the candid Leo de Modena acknowledges, that these are held by them to be 'dangerous and pernicious.' Learning and science, according to the rabbinical notion, should only be used 'as a servant is employed by a master.'

The "Scripturists," dissenters from this mass of the folly of the Talmudists, are a small minority, in the East and in Poland.

"These Jewish Protestants are supposed not to exceed three or four thousand, and they are ever blackened by the orthodox, with all the odium theologicum. Condemned as heretics, their offspring are decreed to be *Mamserim*, or bastards, and any intermarriage with the Talmudists would be annulled. Wherever a Caraites prefers the distant interests of his family to his own simple creed, by degenerating into a Rabbinit, it is further required that two generations shall pass away ere the taint of sense and piety can sufficiently be purified, to mingle with the blood of daughters of Talmudic dreamers."

Looking more generally at human corruptions of creeds originally pure, the author observes,—

"An enormous body of traditions has been imposed on the Hebrew, the Romanist, and their arrogant imitator the Mahometan, encumbering the faith and fettering the faculties of their followers in this dominion of delusion. The history of the *Sonnah* of the Mahometans, like that of the traditions of the Romanists, is likewise that of the *Talmud* of the Jews; the true mother of these children. After the death of Mahomet, and at the awful interval of two centuries, a sage of the *Koran* selected 7275 genuine traditions from 100,000 doubtful, and 200,000 spurious. Few things have generated faster than traditions, when they had proper fathers. Mankind are gross copyists. Nature, narrowed in her revolving circle, affords so little novelty to the audacious temerity of the disturbers of men's consciences, that they have always fallen into the old footsteps. The contradicter of the Talmudists, say the orthodox rabbins, should suffer a punishment indicative of a rabbin's delicacy and his mercy, that of being stifled in boiling dung; and an orthodox mufti excommunicates with the same hearty malediction; for the *Sonnaist* declares, that he who employs his time in disputation, should be fixed on a stake, and carried about with this proclamation: 'This is the reward of him, who, leaving the *Koran* and the *Sonnah*, applied himself to the study of scholastic divinity.' To attack traditions, it was urged against the learned *Launoy*, is to attack religion; because *Launoy* refused to subscribe to a new doctrine from an old tradition of the *Jesuits*, and continued to depopulate their polytheistical paradise of saint after saint, in detecting the ignorance of the middle ages, and the fabulous traditions of his own."

We have alluded to the permanency and integrity of the Mosaic dispensation from the identity of law with religion: it is well put by the author.

"The restriction of the education of the Jewish people to their divine law, unquestionably preserved them during their national independence as a great and religious community. That political result was realised which has so often baffled the force of human governments to establish,—universal conformity. There could be no non-conformity in the land of Israel; any opposition to the code of theocracy from a protester or a dissenter would have involved them in an overt act of treason, since their religion was their law; and the citizen who violated the civil precepts of the Mosaic code necessarily incurred the pains of the blasphemer, since their law was their religion. The influence of a constitution, received from the hand of Heaven itself, over the national character, made the Israelites different from every other nation. There was an obdurate resistance in their national character which refused to amalgamate with that of their neighbours. The principle of a religious commonwealth displays its lasting operations throughout the unexampled government of the Hebrews. 'The world was created for man to worship,' is the vital principle of Judaism. Every day is portioned out for repeated orisons, and is hallowed by a multiplicity of religious acts; the exterior forms of devotion are daily habits, and mingle even with their avocations—in the street or the market,—and morning and evening must they alike confess the unity of God."

We now advert to the subject of food, which is rather amusingly illustrated.

"A rabbinical kitchen is a spot as awfully superstitious as that where formerly was held a witch's sabbath. Two spirits have been conjured up in the bewitched circle—there haunts *Kasher*, the lawful food, and *Treffo*, the impure. Remove a pan, or handle a knife, and you raise that multiform demon *Treffo*, which no Hebrew dare touch; and whose diabolical agency is at eternal war with that benevolent spirit to hungry Jews, their beloved *Kasher*. This active diabolism of *Treffo* is occasioned by a duplicate set of culinary utensils, to preserve the sanctity of the Mosaic kitchen; those dedicated to butter must not touch those appropriated for meat. Should a butter-knife be stuck into a joint, or a meat-knife be plunged into butter, that dread omen would shake a Jewish house. The *Kasher* vanishes for ever when the *Treffo* triumphs, and the dinnerless family—for there is no exorcism to expel this demon—with trembling and with curses cast away the polluted food, or send it to 'a stranger in the gates.' Moses permits an impure animal to be sold to an alien. How has this tradition of these duplicate utensils come down to them, and how has this panic been raised? The answer is ready. Not a single superstition, indeed, is practised, which is not founded on some scriptural phrase; or, if at a loss for the highest authority, the physical prohibition is deduced from a metaphorical sense; the manner we shall now shew. Moses forbids 'seething a kid in its mother's milk;' as no reason is assigned, the rabbins, not satisfied with the literal acceptance of the precept, extend it to all sorts of animals and to all sorts of milk; or, they allegorise the text. The cabalists allege for this prohibition, that the flesh of a kid may not be cooked in its mother's milk, because milk is the symbol of pity, and the flesh that of judgment, and pity and judgment must be kept distinct. An admirable maxim, degraded by its ludicrous application. Why do the tribes of Israel for ever regret the absence of choice fillets and rumps? Father Jacob, wrestling with an angel, had the hollow of his thigh put out of joint; and this hamstringing of their patriarch still occasioning disagreeable recollections, the sons and daughters of Israel shall never regale on any hind quarter whatever. They may 'not eat of the sinew which shrunk'—so many thousand years ago! But they have their subtleties and their equivocations, as well as their traditional ordinances. As the Mosaic code has prohibited the use of certain foods which in Europe are medicinal, such as shellfish, we find that even the Jewish bigot, like his Roman Catholic brother, can have his conscience accommodated by the subtlety of his rabbin, as the other has flesh in his Lent by the device of his auricular confidant. A prescription of the physician is allowed to suspend the law of Moses. A Hebrew epicurean extorts the favour from his medical friend, and the palate of the Israelite eagerly relishes the forbidden and novel aliment. They can relax by connivance. Though stern and irresistible when their 'traditions' are suspected, the rabbins, like the *Jesuits* of the *Lettres Provinciales*, have their *distinguo* and their *salvo*. It is a rabbinical injunction that a Jew must not drink wine that has not been made by 'a son of the covenant.' In a wine country this was found perpetually inconvenient, and we find in Italy how the rabbins escape from this dilemma by a subterfuge. They declare that 'the law was designed to prevent all intercourse with idolaters, but did not extend to the nations among whom they now reside.' For their casuistry, I have compared the rabbins

with the sons of Ignatius; but they have not usually, like the *Jesuits*, justified crimes, or systematised immorality."

"A remarkable circumstance of these rabbinical opinionists, which came authentically to my knowledge, may illustrate our subject. A Jewish gentleman, well known to the scientific world, and moreover a lover of ancient romances, had often luxuriated in the descriptions of the splendid banquet of the 'Peacock,' so famed in the romances of chivalry. In an hour of fancy he had a peacock killed; the skin was carefully taken whole from the body, and when the bird was roasted and richly fared with aromatic spices, the skin was nicely replaced, and it was served up with its gorgeous plumage. A religious scruple suddenly haunted his mind that the demon *Treffo* sat on the peacock, and that its flesh was forbidden aliment. The Israelite despatched the brilliant fowl to the house of a neighbour, the chief rabbin, for his inspection. He told his tale, the rabbin alternately looking on the gentleman and on the peacock; at length the oracle! First he solemnly observed, that there were some things of a doubtful nature, among which was the eating of peacocks. He opined that this bird was among the forbidden meats. 'Be it so!' exclaimed the romantic ritualist; 'it was the fancy of a moment, and I have only lost a splendid bird; I have not transgressed. Since it is killed, I will send it as a curious dish to my neighbour, who, being a Christian, is not perplexed by so difficult a ritual as our own. He may partake of the feast of the peacock.' 'I would thank you for it myself,' said the rabbin. 'For what purpose?' interrogated the ritualist. 'To eat it!' rejoined the master of sentences. 'How! If forbidden meat for me!—You understand the consequence?' The rabbin, fixing his eyes on the ritualist, and holding his finger up, as we mark our interjections in writing, to prepare the reader (here the hearer) for the notable wisdom forthcoming, and with an emphatic *distinguo*! thus opined the opinionist. 'Eating the peacock is, as I told you, among the doubtful things. One rabbin is of one opinion, and another of another. You have required my opinion as your rabbin; you are bound to abide by it. I opine that it is unlawful to be eaten. My father was of a different opinion; and therefore it may be eaten by me, because I act on my father's opinion. I accept the peacock, but I must not ask you to participate in it.' The bird was lost for the ritualist, and went to the rabbin's table."

As we opine that our notice of this volume will lead to its being much read, we shall not go more at length into its arguments; but conclude with some passages which apply to a topic of particular interest at the present time, when the observance of the Sabbath-day, or Sunday, is so zealously and variously contested.

"To the ancient polytheists, nothing seemed so joyless as the austerity of a Jewish Sabbath. It was a strange abandonment of all the avocations of life. They saw the fields of the Hebrew forsaken by the labourer; the ass unsaddled; the oar laid by in the boat; they marked a dead stillness pervading the habitation of the Israelite; the fire extinguished, the meat unprepared, the man-servant and the maiden leave their work, and the trafficker, at least one day of the week, refusing the offered coin. When the Hebrews had armies of their own, they would halt in the midst of victory on the eve of the Sabbath, and on the Sabbath-day censed even to defend their walls from the incursions of an enemy. Sabbatarians became

a term of reproach for the Jews with the polytheists, who never could conceive the design of the Sabbath from its singular observances. The blunders of Plutarch are ludicrous; Tacitus and Juvenal imagined that the custom was a mere indulgence of national indolence. Sometimes they mistook the solemn Sabbath for a penitential fast, as did Augustus when, writing to Tiberius, alluding to his own abstinence, he said, that 'no Jew kept so strict a fast on the Sabbath as he did upon that day.' The epigrammatic Martial alludes to the windy sourness of the empty stomachs of fasting Sabbatarians. The primitive Christians abhorred the observances of the Jewish Sabbath, which they considered as only practised by the contemners of 'the Lord's day.' Justin Martyr tells Tripho the Jew, in the full spirit of the times, that 'they would gladly endure the most horrible tortures that men and devils could devise to inflict on them, rather than keep your Sabbath.' The interior delights of the habitation of the Hebrew were alike invisible to the polytheist and the Christian fathers. They heard not the domestic greetings which cheerfully announced 'the good Sabbath,' nor the paternal benediction for the sons, nor the blessing of the master for his pupils. They could not behold the mistress of the house watching the sunset, and then lighting the seven wicks of the lamps of the Sabbath suspended during its consecration; for oil to fill the Sabbath-lamp, the mendicant implored an alms. But the more secret illumination of the law on the Sabbath, as the rabbins expressed it, bestowed a supernumerary soul on every Israelite. The sanctity felt through the Jewish abode on that day, was an unfailling renewal of the religious emotions of this pious race. Thus in the busy circle of life was there one unmovable point where the weary rested, and the wealthy enjoyed a heavenly repose. It was not without some truth that Leo of Modena, a philosophical Hebrew, called this day 'the festival of the Sabbath.' It is beautiful to trace the expansion of an original and vast idea in the mind of a rare character who seems born to govern the human race. Such an awful and severe genius was the legislator of the Hebrews. The Sabbatical institution he boldly extended to a seventh year, equally as he had appointed a seventh day. At that periodical return the earth was suffered to lie fallow and at rest. In this 'Sabbath of the land,' the Hebrews were not permitted to plant, to sow, or to reap; and of the spontaneous growth no proprietor at those seasons was allowed to gather more than sufficed for the bare maintenance of his household. There was also release of debtors. The sublime genius of Moses looked far into futurity, when, extending this great moral influence, he planned the still greater Sabbatical institution for every fifty years. Seven Sabbaths of years closed in the Jubilee, or the great year of release. Then at the blowing of the horn in the synagogue the poor man ceased to want; the slave was freed; all pledges were returned; and all lands reverted to their original proprietors. To prevent an excessive accumulation of wealth, the increase of unlimited debts, and the perpetuity of slavery, this creator of a political institution like no other, decreed that nothing should be perpetual but the religious republic itself. But it has been the fate of Israel to witness her inspired ordinances polluted by the inventions and the artifices of men. What was sacred, they have made ridiculous. The most scrupulous superstitions had long been superadded to the observance of the Sab-

bath, and practised by the rabbinical Pharisees, in the days of Jesus. The female was not allowed to observe herself in a mirror, lest she might be tempted to pluck a hair; the Israelite might not even scrape the dirt off his shoes; he must not lift a weight, nor touch money, nor ride, nor bathe, nor play on an instrument; the most trivial act of domestic life connected with labour or business was a violation of the Sabbath. Even the distance of a Sabbath-walk was not to exceed that space which lies between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives; this was the distance between the Temple and the Tabernacle; it had been nicely measured, and the Hebrew in Rome on his Sabbath was still counting the steps of a Sabbath-day's journey."

With this extract we take our leave of a book which we have perused with much satisfaction, and cordially recommend to the public.

Reputation; or, the State Secret: a Play, in Five Acts. By J. R. Planché. 8vo. pp. 60. London, 1833. Andrews.

WHEN Mr. Planché's play was brought out, we expressed a very favourable opinion of its poetical merits; in which we considered it to be richer than even in lesser dramatic merits. The closet has confirmed the impression of the stage; and in justice to the talent displayed by the author, we deem it incumbent upon us to quote a continuous specimen of his powers. It paints the struggles of virtue and vice, in two natures in which the former predominates; though, in one instance, the force of circumstances applies an ordeal of terrible severity.

"The count is discovered seated at a window and gazing anxiously on the distant prospect.

Otto. I strain my eyes in vain! The long white road Lies there before me, with the noon-tide sun Blazing upon its dusty barrenness, Unshaded by a tree, a twig, a leaf! Untrod by living being! Up the hill It stretches to the top, and there the breeze Sweeps o'er, and whirls its surface round like smoke Against the cloudless sky. 'Tis but the breeze; Nor wheel nor hoof disturbs the loosened soil—Again it rises! Ah! this time a speck Appears beneath it! A dark spot! It moves, And rapidly; it is a single horseman! A moment and 'tis certainly! Ay, there! There on the brow they rise—She comes! she comes! My love! my Frederica! O thy heart, Sweet wife, outspeeds the lagging cavalcade, And pants already here!

Enter Rupert.

How now? Disturbed? Rupert. The man is here your lordship bade attend you.

Otto. What man? I'm busy! Rupert. Hugo Istein, sir; You were to grant him audience—

Otto. Ah! 'tis true! I had forgot: admit him. [Exit Rupert. (Returning to the window.) They have reached The foot o' the hill, and glitter now amongst The lines that skirt the pathway to the palace.

Hark! The glad trumpets sound a shrilly welcome! And crowds pour out to greet their princes! All May show their love but him whose love is greater Than all their store combined.

Re-enter Rupert with Hugo.

Rupert. There is my lord. Otto (angrily). Again! (recollecting himself) Oh! The petitioner—'tis well— [Exit Rupert. I had thy paper somewhere—(searching) ay—'tis here. Thy name is Hugo Istein?

Hugo. So. Otto. And thou Hast met with injury, or deem'st thou hast, From one of higher birth. Speak freely, man, And fear not if thou speakest truth! Hugo. Your lordship Shall witness to the fact.

Otto. Indeed! I know Thy wronger then? Hugo. You do.

Otto. His name? Hugo. A great one— No less than Otto, Count of Splügen. Otto. How! Poor knave—what have I done to injure thee, Who knew not of thy being? If some law, Passed for the general weal, hath pressed upon Thy single head, what can I more than pity?

But if, unwittingly, some private act Of mine hath harmed thee, speak, that reparation May follow to the full.

Hugo. It must! You've blasted A poor girl's name—you've robbed a good man's child Of all he had to leave her—reputation. In very wantonness have you done this, Knowing her innocence—ay, knowing naught Beside it, save her name.

Otto. Man! Art thou mad? I have done this? What girl? By all the saints— Hugo. Swear not, or be forsworn! Do you remember The street of the White Eagle, and the name Of Helena?

Otto. Hah! Hugo. So! I see you do! She is my sister, count; the bride betrothed Of a poor honest lad who has long loved her. On Thursday next they were to have been married; You'll grant, my lord, it costs a pang or two To break off matters at so nice a point.

Otto. He will not break with her—he must not—shall not!

Send him to me—I'll swear she's innocent!

Hugo. He knows she is! Or 'tis not oaths would shake him:

Who speaks a lie will swear one at a pinch. But Helen Istein will not to the altar While shame can drag her thither; you, my lord, Have made her name a by-word through the city; Wherefore, if little matters now to know— But you alone can clear her—you must do so.

Otto. Alack! Alack! I've done a grievous wrong. One that I dreamt not of—but it is done, And, as thou sayest, there must be reparation. Hear me, good friend!—that in a luckless hour I used a name unknowing her who bore it, So much with deep contrition will I state To any private friend you may depute To wait upon me here—reply not yet— This much to satisfy your sister and Her worthy bridegroom; but not this alone, A thousand crowns shall be her wedding portion; And for thyself—this purse—

Hugo. I must speak now.

You have not understood my errand here.

Otto. Not understood?

Hugo. I came not here to ask

For money or compassion; but to tell

The man who has defamed my sister, he

Must prove he has defamed her.

Otto. Prove! How prove?

I say that I will disavow the tale

To—

Hugo. Whom?

A private friend or so—in confidence?

Her shame is public, sir; as public, count,

Shall be her vindication!—Not by words

Alone; they'll say that they believe you—can

They doubt the Count of Splügen? Oh! impossible:

Witness how quickly they gave credit to

His former story. Fingers will no more

Be pointed at my sister as she walks;

Nor will the tongue of calumny abroad

Proclaim her infamous. But in their hearts,

Nay, around their hearths, when daily labour's done,

And doors are closed, and honour puts the seal

On what is spoke within—for honour hath

A home e'en in the suburbs; though my lord

May ne'er before have look'd so low for't. Then

Old men will shake their beards, and young ones say,

The disavowal was most kind, most rare,

Most generous! The potent count, who might

Have spurned the beggar forth, and bade him patch

His reputation like his clothes—to take

Compassion on him, and to swear in sooth

He knew naught of his sister; 'twas a jest,

And he was sorry for it, very sorry.

A jest!—Oh such a jest!—'twould make her father

Laugh in his grave to hear it! No, my lord;

The world has many ears for accusation; one

Alone for the reply: mere disavowal,

Though strung with oaths, passes unheeded by her.

The best and simplest way to prove you wrong'd her,

Is by declaring where you pass'd last night,

Up to the moment when you bribed the boy

To silence in the street of the White Eagle.

Otto. You know not what you ask: It cannot be!

Hugo. Cannot!

Otto. Come, let us not waste time in words;

You know me and my power; you are poor

And unprotected; name me any sum

My coffers can produce, and it is yours.

Hugo. I know not at what price, count, you may rate

The honour of a courtly dame; my sister's

Is priceless!—'tis an heir-loom, sir, the dead

Would rise to struggle for! Give back the jewel;

Be thankful that you can do't.

Otto. That way—never!

Thou art an honest man; a noble one,

Whate'er thy station; and thy language, like

Thy mind, seems far above it. As I live,

My heart doth bleed to think upon the wrong

I've done to thee and thine! my cheeks do burn

With shame to offer thee this dross in lieu

Of public justice. O be satisfied

With this revenge, and with the sole atonement

'Tis in my power to make!

Hugo. Say in your will,

Count Otto, I am not to be deceived

By words. Once more, do you refuse to give
The proof I ask; or publicly, at least,
Proclaim my sister innocent?

Otto (aside). And stand
Convicted to the Landgrave: set my foes
To ask why Otto play'd the libertine—
And—(aloud.) 'Tis impossible!—Bend not the bow
Until it break! command my fortune; tax
My influence! ask wealth and rank; what'er
Thou wilt, save that alone.

Hugo. Enough! I'm answered.
Now look, count, to thyself. As thou hast said,
I know thee and thy power! know myself
To be a poor unfriended man—an artisan,
Although not born to labour, driven to it
To earn a sister's bread. My task is now
To clear a sister's honour: the same heart
That braced my sinews to unwonted toil
Will serve me still in this unequal struggle:
Nay, look not to thy sword; though desperate,
And made so too by thee—to take thy life,
Would be to write my sister's shame in blood,
Past all erasure! I'll have justice, count,
Before revenge! Think not thy height can save thee;
I am thy fate; mount where thou wilt, thy crime
Shall drag thee down to me.

Otto. Madman, beware!
I would not do thee further injury,
But tempt me not too far! begone, and weigh
My offer.

Hugo. I have weighed it, sir, and in
The other scale have placed the mystery
That wrings it from thee! 'Tis a heavy one
That makes thy fortune kick the beam! Count Otto!
What'er it be, I rate my sister's honour
At that and that alone. Now weigh my offer."

It is, as we formerly remarked, very much
the habit of ill-disposed writers to depreciate
the abilities of the author of this drama. He is,
according to them, a mere translator, play-
wright, &c. Let them read the foregoing,
and, if they have any sense of shame, blush for
their injustice.

*Caspar Hauser. An Account of an Individual
kept in a Dungeon, separated from all Com-
munication with the World, from early
Childhood to about the age of Seventeen.
Drawn up from Legal Documents. By
Anselm von Feuerback, President of one
of the Bavarian Courts of Appeal. 12mo.
pp. 192. London, 1833. Simpkin and Co.*

THREE or four years ago we had an account
of this extraordinary foundling, who was intro-
duced to the city of Nuremberg, at the age of
seventeen years, somewhat in the character of
a tame Orson; for it was stated that he had
been kept in a cage all his life, in a sitting
posture, and was as utterly ignorant as a child
of a few months old. Why he had been so
treated, who he was, whence he came, and why
he was ultimately loosed upon the world in this
strange manner, are questions wrapt in mys-
tery. The whole story is one of gross impro-
bability; but, on the other hand, the idea of
its being altogether a piece of imposture is
equally unlikely, and the *cui bono* quite as far
to seek.

It, however, appears to us that there must
be considerable exaggeration in the account;
and that when once the notion of some great
secret being connected with him had taken
possession of the persons into whose hands
Caspar Hauser first fell, they allowed their
imaginings to swell and extend the wonder
into the marvellous shape in which it is ex-
hibited in the volume now produced. In this
point of view, some of the philosophical inves-
tigations, and the remarks upon them, are
almost too absurd; and we are inclined to
burst into laughter at the gravity with which
they are promulgated. It is very difficult to
be consistent in a case of this kind, and we
detect discrepancies which seem to cast a doubt
upon the veracity of the narrative,—discrepan-
cies more fatal to its entire accuracy than those
which overthrow the plausible history of the
celebrated American, Mr. Hunter, who, about
the same period, acted so admirable a character

of savage education and habits in London as
to impose alike upon the unlearned and the
learned. We read, for example, of this Ger-
man phenomenon at page 52—

"Upon the whole, that is, as far as the
principal and most essential facts which it re-
lates are concerned, this historical narrative
agrees perfectly with the contents of a written
memoir which was afterwards composed by
Hauser himself, and sworn to by him before a
court of justice, held for the purpose of inquir-
ing into this affair, in 1829; as it also agrees
with what he has, on different occasions, invari-
ably related to the author and to many other
persons, precisely to the same effect. The
account which he gave was as follows:—'He
neither knows who he is nor where his home
is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came
into the world. Here he first learnt that, be-
sides himself and 'the man with whom he had
always been,' there existed other men and
other creatures. As long as he can recollect,
he had always lived in a hole, (a small low
apartment, which he sometimes calls a cage,)
where he had always sat upon the ground, with
bare feet, and clothed only with a shirt and a
pair of breeches. In this apartment he never
heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by
an animal, or by any thing else. He never saw
the heavens, nor did there ever appear a bright-
ening (daylight) such as at Nuremberg. He
never perceived any difference between day and
night, and much less did he ever get a sight of
the beautiful lights in the heavens. Whenever
he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread
and a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes this
water had a bad taste; whenever this was the
case he could no longer keep his eyes open,
but was compelled to fall asleep; and when he
afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean
shirt on, and that his nails had been cut. He
never saw the face of the man who brought him
his meat and drink. In his hole he had two
wooden horses and several ribands. With
these horses he had always amused himself as
long as he was awake; and his only occupation
was, to make them run by his side, and to fix
or tie the ribands about them in different
positions. Thus one day had passed as the
other; but he had never felt the want of any
thing, had never been sick, and—only once
excepted—had never felt the sensation of pain.
Upon the whole, he had been much happier
there than in the world, where he was obliged
to suffer so much. How long he had continued
to live in this situation, he knew not; for he
had had no knowledge of time. He knew not
when or how he came there. Nor had he any
recollection of ever having been in a different
situation, or in any other than in that place.
'The man with whom he had always been,'
never did him any harm. Yet one day, shortly
before he was taken away, when he had been
running his horse too hard, and had made too
much noise, the man came and struck him upon
his arm with a stick, or with a piece of wood;
this caused the wound which he brought with
him to Nuremberg.'"

Farther on, at page 96, we are told:

"His obedience to all those persons who had
acquired paternal authority over him, particu-
larly to the burghermaster, Professor Daumer,
and the prison-keeper Hittel, was uncondi-
tional and boundless. That the burghermaster
or the professor had said so, was to him a
reason for doing or omitting to do any thing,
which was final and totally exclusive of all
further questions and considerations. When
once I asked him, Why he thought himself
obliged always to yield such punctual obe-

dience? he replied, '*The man with whom I
always was, taught me that I must do as I am
bidden.*'"

Now how the man from whom he never heard
a sound, and whose face he never saw, could
teach him this obedience, will require all M.
von Feuerback's ingenuity to explain; and we
are also staggered by the accounts of his making
a noise by running his horses in the narrow
cell, and by his being lifted upright in a place
where he is represented to have been forcibly
recumbent. If there was height, why did not
he stand up? if there was breadth for wooden
horses to play, and his keeper to move about,
why did not he lie down sideways? We pause
for a reply.

In other respects the tale is cleverly and
curiously told, in a manner peculiarly German,
and often very amusing from its philosophical
trifling. We have only farther to add, that
our estimable countryman, Earl Stanhope, has
taken Caspar Hauser under his protection;
and we daresay we shall by and by have an
opportunity of seeing him among the London
lions of the season.

*Lives of Celebrated Spaniards. Translated
from the Spanish of Quintana. By T. H.
Preston. 12mo. pp. 335. London, 1833.
Fellows.*

THE purport and aim of this volume are so de-
lightfully set forth in the original preface, that
we cannot better express our opinion than by
giving the author's very words; for his prac-
tice and theory have gone together:—

"The biographies of celebrated men are, of
all species of history, unquestionably the most
interesting of perusal. The curiosity, being
aroused by the notoriety which such personages
have in their time enjoyed, becomes desirous of
narrowly inspecting, and of contemplating more
at leisure, those who by their extraordinary
talents, their virtues, or their vices, have in any
way contributed to the formation, the progress,
or the ruin of nations. The minutiae and de-
tail into which occasionally it is necessary to
enter, in order to paint with the greater fidelity
both characters and customs, claim our utmost
attention; since there we find our heroes not
only divested of the theatrical apparel in which
they figured on the stage of life, but rendering
themselves similar to the general run of men
by their weaknesses and errors, as if in some
measure to console these for their superiority.
Hence it is that nothing parallels the pleasure
we experience in perusing the lives of Corne-
lius Nepos, in our childhood, and those of Plu-
tarch in our youth—the reading best adapted
to the early years of life, when the heart, more
prone to virtue, is easily led to believe in its
possession by others; and when naturally im-
passioned for all that is great and heroic, it is
at once excited and impelled to imitation. It
is at this period, indeed, when we elect as our
friends, or as the tests of our actions, such
models as Aristides, Cimon, Dionysius, and
Epaminondas; and these friends oftentimes prove
the only ones of those we have chosen at this
tender age who betray not the sentiments with
which they originally inspired us. We, at this
time, begin to mould ourselves by their exam-
ple, and, like themselves, would fain strew the
path of life with the same blooming flowers of
glory and of virtue. And although, after the
lapse of years, the shock of interests, and the
fatal experience which we acquire of mankind,
may tend to cool this generous ardour of our
better nature, still its impressions will not be
altogether effaced; and somewhat of its power
will for ever remain implanted in our breasts,

as a resource in trying emergencies, and a mean of consolation in the bitter hour of adversity."

This design being executed with as much spirit as it is imagined, we cannot do better than make our extracts as many and as miscellaneous as possible. Don Sancho's letter to Don Guzman, addressing in his distress him whom he had allowed an unmerited insult to drive from his court:—

"In this bitter extremity, the unhappy monarch, a prey to his despair, conceived the wild idea of embarking, with all he possessed, on board a vessel which he had ordered to be constructed for the purpose, and to be painted black; and thus abandoning his ungrateful country and most unnatural family, he resolved to commit himself to the mercy of the waves and fortune. Previous, however, to carrying this desperate design into execution, he turned his eyes towards Africa, and be thought him of Guzman. Knowing the great power and authority which that individual still continued to enjoy at the court of Fez, he resolved to implore his assistance; and it was at this eventful period of his life, when he wrote to him the letter which is cited by almost all our historians. It is a singular testimony of affliction and eloquence; affording, at the same time, to princes as well as to mankind in general, an admirable lesson of humility. Its literal context is as follows: 'Cousin Don Alonso Perez de Guzman,—My affliction is so great, that, inasmuch as it came from a high source, it will be seen from afar; and as it fell on me, who was friendly with all the world, so throughout the world shall be known the misfortune which hath stricken me; since my son, without any shew of reason, conspireth against me, in conjunction with my friends and with my prelates; who, in lieu of maintaining peace, neither secretly nor disguisedly, but openly, sow the seeds of discord. Even in mine own land I can find no resting-place, no protector, no mediator; and since, then, in my own kingdom I fail to meet with those who ought to serve me and assist me, I am compelled to seek elsewhere for such as will pity me. If they of Castile prove unfaithful to me, none may surely condemn me if I fly to those of Benamarin. If mine own children prove mine enemies, then shall I be justified in adopting my enemies for children—enemies in the law, but not therefore in the spirit: and such is the good King Aben Jucef; for much do I love and esteem him, because he will neither despise me nor betray me, as he is my truce-granter and my peace-maker. I know how much you are his—how much he loveth you—with what reason—and how much by your counsel he would be guided. Look not, therefore, back to the past, but look rather to the present; consider who ye are, and the lineage whence ye sprung, and that I shall one day be able to do you service; and even though I should not, still would your own good action most amply reward you; for he who doeth good loseth noughtsoever thereby. Forasmuch, therefore, my cousin, Alonso Perez de Guzman, I pray you so to intercede with your señor, and my good friend, that he may be induced to advance upon my crown (the greatest treasure I possess), together with the precious stones which are thereon, so much as he can well spare; and if, moreover, you should be able to procure for me his assistance, deprive me not of it, as this I trust you would not do. I hereby beforehand acknowledge, that all the good friendship which may be evinced towards me by your señor will be at your hands; and may that of God be with

you! Done in my sole loyal city of Seville, in the thirtieth year of my reign and the first of my misfortunes.

EL REY.

"Burying in oblivion the cause of all his former animosities, Guzman immediately exposed to Jucef the pitiable situation of the Castilian monarch, and offered him the crown which had been sent as security for the boon required. 'Go,' replied the generous Saracen, 'and take to thy señor sixty thousand doblas of gold, in order that he may be promptly succoured; console him, and offer him my assistance; then haste thee back hither, that thou mayest accompany me. With respect to the monarch's crown, I would that it were left here—not as a pledge, but that it may serve as a constant testimony of his misfortunes, and of my promise.'

How faithfully this promise was kept, let the following trial prove:

"Their first attempts were directed against the loyalty of the Alcalde; offering him a large reward, provided he would put them in possession of the place. But their infamous proposal was met by an indignant refusal. They then commenced their attack with the aid of all the warlike manœuvres that art or animosity could devise,—but with no better success; being most gallantly repulsed by the besieged. After the lapse of a few days, manifesting to Guzman the distress in which his people quitted him, as well as the succour and abundance which would certainly accrue to themselves, they proposed to him that since he treated the riches which had been given him with so much contempt, provided he would consent to share his treasures with them, they would abandon the place. 'Brave cavaliers,' replied Guzman, 'neither buy nor sell victory.' Furious at this answer, the Moors were preparing to return anew to the assault, when the iniquitous Infant had recourse to a more powerful means to assail the warrior's fidelity. It unfortunately happened that he retained in his power Guzman's eldest son, who had been committed to his charge by his parents some time before, in order that he might accompany him to the Portuguese court, to the king of which country they were related. In lieu, however, of leaving the boy there, he carried him with him into Africa, and from thence back again to Spain; and he now considered him as a sure instrument for the accomplishment of his villainous ends. Dragging his manacled victim from his tent, he so exhibited him to his parent; declaring, that if the latter did not immediately surrender the place, he would slay his child before his eyes. Nor was this the first occasion on which this dastardly miscreant had had recourse to an expedient so truly horrible and revolting. In the time of his father, when striving to wrest Zamora from his power, he had found means to secure the person of the son of the Alcaldesa of the fortress, to whom presenting him with a like intimation, he had compelled him to surrender the place. In the present instance, however, his conduct was by far more diabolical, inasmuch as, in addition to the natural turpitude of the case, he not only violated the laws of humanity and justice, but also those of friendship, confidence, and honour. At sight of his boy in such a situation—upon hearing his piercing cries and the fierce threats of the assassin, tears of the most bitter anguish flowed fast down the fond father's cheeks. But his sworn faith to his king—the safety of his country—and the indignation naturally excited by so execrable a deed—struggled with his nature, and eventually triumphed:—thus constituting

him a perfect hero against the iniquity of man and the severity of fortune. 'I begat no son,' exclaimed the heart-riven Guzman, 'that he should be employed against my country. On the contrary, I begat a son for my country, in order that he might act against her enemies. If Don Juan give him death, to me will he give glory; to my child eternal life; and to himself eternal infamy in this world, and condemnation in that to come. And further, that it may be seen how far it is from my intention to surrender the place, and falter in my duty—I herewith fling my steel, if perchance a weapon should be wanting to complete this most atrocious deed.' He then drew the war-knife which he carried at his belt—hurled it in the midst of the enemy's camp, and retired within the walls of the castle. Seating himself as usual at dinner with his wife, he struggled violently to repress his feelings, in order that they might not be betrayed on his countenance. Meanwhile the Infant, foaming with rage and disappointment, had caused his innocent victim to be beheaded; when the soldiers on the walls, who had been witnesses of the inhuman sacrifice, burst into loud and fearful outcries. The unhappy Guzman went out at the noise, and being but too well aware of the cause whence it originated, returned forthwith to the table, saying, with great composure, 'I was fearful that the enemy had entered Tarifa.' Shortly after this tragical event, the Moors, despairing of overcoming the constancy of which he had given such devoted proof, and not daring to await the succour that was on its road to him from Seville, raised the siege, which had already lasted six months, and set sail for the coast of Africa, without partaking of any other reward than the ignominy and horror which their execrable conduct so well merited."

Until next Saturday we must conclude with a legendary anecdote.—"It is asserted, that during the reign of Aben Jacob, a serpent, forsaking the wood wherein he had hitherto remained concealed, betook himself to the neighbourhood of Fez, where he began his exploits by infesting the roads, devouring the cattle, and tearing the people piecemeal. His size was monstrous; while his skin, being covered with very hard scales, was absolutely impervious to steel; and the wings, with which his back was adorned, rendered him more agile than the fleetest horse. Notwithstanding no individual could be found possessed of sufficient courage to attack this hideous monster, the envious Amir advised his cousin, the king, to send Guzman against him, in the hope that he might perish in the attempt. Aben Jacob, however, durst not venture to issue such an order; but Guzman, becoming aware of what had passed, set out privately one morning with his horse and arms, accompanied by a single attendant, who was unarmed. Upon approaching the serpent's quarters they encountered some men fleeing in the utmost consternation, from whom they learnt that the serpent was engaged, not far distant, in fearful combat with a lion. Guzman obliged them to return with him; and arriving at the designated spot, he became a witness of the fight between these two doughty antagonists; and also perceived that the lion, having been wounded, was obliged to evade by dexterity the assaults of his formidable opponent. Our hero instantly placed his lance in the rest, and forthwith charged the serpent; who, coming to receive him with widely extended jaws, received the weapon in his throat, the lance actually penetrating to his very entrails. Upon this the lion, becoming somewhat more emboldened, set upon the ser-

pent with renewed vigour and impetuosity, and ultimately succeeded in destroying him. The monster being thus dispatched, Guzman bade the men approach and cut out his tongue, which they did; when, calling to the lion, (Quintana does not tell us *what* he called him,) the grateful animal came running up to him, testifying his joy by wagging his tail and caressing him, and afterwards walked back with him to Fez. The presence of this grateful animal, the tongue of the serpent, and the admiration of the above-named individuals, were cited as the testimonies of Guzman's achievement; the fame of which resounded far and wide, both in Africa and Spain."

Our future extracts will shew how well deserving this volume is of popularity.

History of Europe during the French Revolution, embracing the period from the Assembly of the Notables, in 1789, to the establishment of the Directory, in 1795. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1833, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

If we allow Mr. Alison's well-digested volumes to speak for themselves, we will at least explain their purpose, and shew the spirit in which they are written, if we do not exemplify the research and judgment which have been exercised upon them. We quote from the preface.

"The history of Europe during the French Revolution naturally divides itself into four periods:—The first, commencing with the Convocation of the States-General in 1789, terminates with the execution of Louis, and the establishment of a republic in France in 1793. This period embraces the history and vast changes of the Constituent Assembly; the annals of the Legislative Assembly; the revolt, and overthrow of the throne on the 10th August; the trial and death of the king. It traces the changes of public opinion, and the fervour of innovation, from their joyous commencement to that bloody catastrophe, and the successive steps by which the nation was led from the transports of general philanthropy to the sombre ascendant of sanguinary ambition. The second opens with the strife of the Girondists and the Jacobins; and, after recounting the fall of the latter body, enters upon the dreadful era of the reign of terror, and follows out the subsequent struggles of the now exhausted factions till the establishment of a regular military government, by the suppression of the revolt of the National Guard of Paris in October 1795. This period embraces the commencement of the war, the immense efforts of France during the campaign in 1793, the heroic contest in La Vendée, the last efforts of Polish independence under Kosciusko, the conquest of Flanders and Holland, and the scientific manœuvres of the campaign of 1795. But its most interesting part is the internal history of the revolution; the heart-rending sufferings of persecuted virtue; and the means by which Providence caused the guilt of the revolutionists to work out their own deserved and memorable punishment. The third, commencing with the rise of Napoleon, terminates with the seizure of the reins of power by that extraordinary man, and the first pause in the general strife by the peace of Amiens. It is singularly rich in splendid achievements, embracing the Italian campaigns of the French hero, and the German ones of the Archduke Charles; the battles of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile; the expedition to Egypt, the wars of Suwarrow in Italy, and Massena on the Alps; the campaigns of Marengo and Hohenlinden;

the Northern Coalition, with its dissolution by the victory of Copenhagen; the conquests of the English in India, and the expulsion of the French from Egypt. During this period, the democratic passions of France had exhausted themselves, and the nation groaned under a weak but relentless military despotism, whose external disasters and internal severities prepared all classes to range themselves round the banners of a victorious chieftain. The fourth opens with brighter auspices to France, under the firm and able government of Napoleon, and terminates with his overthrow at the battle of Waterloo. Less illustrated than the former period by his military genius, it was rendered still more memorable by his resistless power and mighty achievements. It embraces the campaigns of Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland; the destruction of the French navy at Trafalgar; the rise of the desperate struggle in Spain; and the gallant, though abortive efforts of Austria in 1809; the slow but steady growth of the English military power in the Peninsula, and the splendid career of Wellington; the general suffering under the despotism of France, the memorable invasion of Russia, the convulsive efforts of Germany in 1813, the last campaign of Napoleon, the capture of Paris, and his final overthrow at Waterloo. The two first eras illustrate the consequences of democratic ascendancy upon the civil condition; the two last, their effect upon the military struggles and external relations of nations. In both, the operation of the same law of nature may be discerned, for the expulsion of a destructive passion from the frame of society, by the efforts which it makes for its own gratification; in both, the principal actors were driven forward by an unseen power, which rendered their vices and ambition the means of ultimately effecting the deliverance of mankind. Generations perished during the vast transition, but the law of nature was unceasing in its operation; and the same principle which drove the government of Robespierre through the Reign of Terror to the 9th of Thermidor, impelled Napoleon to the snows of Russia and the rout of Waterloo. The illustrations of this moral law is the great lesson to be learned from the eventful scenes of this mighty drama. The two first eras form the subject of these volumes. The two last will be embraced in those which are to follow."

Mr. Alison continues—

"If there is any one opinion which, more than another, is impressed on the mind by a minute examination of the changes of the French Revolution, it is the irresistible nature of the current into which men are drawn who commit themselves to the stream of political innovation; and the utter impossibility even of the greatest intellect, and the most resolute determination, in those engaged in the contest, avoiding the commission of many crimes, in the stormy scenes to which it rapidly brings them. It is not difficult to perceive the final cause of this law of nature, or the important purpose it is intended to serve in the moral government of the world, by expelling from society, through the force of suffering, passions inconsistent with its existence; but it is a consideration of all others the best calculated to inspire forbearance and moderation, in forming an opinion of the intentions or actions of others placed in such trying and calamitous circumstances, and to exemplify the justice of the secret precept, 'to judge of others as we would wish they should judge of ourselves.' Inexorable and unbending, therefore, in his opposition to false principles, it is the duty of the historian of such times to be lenient and considerate in his judgment of par-

ticular men; and touching lightly on the weakness of such as are swept along by the waves, to reserve the weight of his censure for those who put the perilous torrent in motion."

From the body of the work itself we select as a fair specimen a description of the wretched minority who wrought such a woful tragedy in Paris.

"The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legislature, is one of the most instructive facts in the history of revolutions. Marat had long before said, that with 200 assassins at a louis a-day, he would govern France, and cause 300,000 heads to fall; and the events of the 2d September seemed to justify the opinion. The number of those actually engaged in the massacres did not exceed 300; and twice as many more witnessed and encouraged their proceedings; yet this handful of men governed Paris and France, with a despotism which 300,000 armed warriors afterwards strove in vain to effect. The immense majority of the well-disposed citizens, divided in opinion, irrelative in conduct, and dispersed in different quarters, were incapable of arresting a band of assassins, engaged in the most atrocious cruelties of which modern Europe has yet afforded an example;—an important warning to the strenuous and the good in every succeeding age, to combine for defence the moment that the aspiring and the desperate have begun to agitate the public mind; and never to trust that mere smallness of numbers can be relied on for preventing reckless ambition from destroying irresolute virtue. It is not less worthy of observation, that these atrocious massacres took place in the heart of a city where above 50,000 men were enrolled in the National Guard, and had arms in their hands; a force specifically destined to prevent insurrectionary movements, and support, under all changes, the majesty of the law. They were so divided in opinion, and the revolutionists composed so large a part of their number, that nothing whatever was done by them, either on the 10th August, when the king was dethroned, or the 2d September, when the prisoners were massacred. This puts in a forcible point of view the weakness of such a force, which, being composed of citizens, is distracted by their feelings, and actuated by their passions. In ordinary times, it may exhibit an imposing array, and be adequate to the repression of the smaller disorders; but it is paralysed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required."

The observations which follow the dread details of the tyranny of Robespierre and his diabolical associates are equally memorable.

"Thus terminated the Reign of Terror, a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world. In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crushed by the lower. The throne had been overturned, the altar destroyed: the aristocracy levelled with the dust, the nobles were in exile, the clergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the state, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty. All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, fortune, or acquirement, had been removed; they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the consequence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolt-

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ing tyranny than any which mankind had yet witnessed; the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life; the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people, were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies; in the unequal struggle, virtue and philanthropy sunk under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds. Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude; such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people. The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melancholy period, will hardly be credited by future ages. The Republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to any thing rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution:—

Nobles	1,278	
Noble women	750	
Wives of labourers and artisans	1,467	
Religieuses	350	
Priests	1,135	
Common persons, not noble	13,623	
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal	18,603	18,603
Women died of premature child-birth	3,400	
In child-birth from grief	348	
Women killed in La Vendée	15,000	
Children killed in La Vendée	22,000	
Men slain in La Vendée	500,000	
Victims under Carrier at Nantes	32,000	
Children shot	500	
Children drowned	1,500	
Women shot	254	
Women drowned	500	
Priests shot	300	
Priests drowned	460	
Nobles drowned	1,400	
Artisans drowned	5,300	
Victims at Lyons	31,000	
Total	1,022,351	

In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on September 2, the victims of the Glacière of Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseilles, or the persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished. It is in an especial manner remarkable in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2160; while the infants drowned and shot are 2000, the women 764, and the artisans 5300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so widespread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors. The facility with which a faction, composed of a few of the most audacious and reckless of the nation, triumphed over the immense majority of their fellow-citizens, and led them forth like victims to the sacrifice, is not the least extraordinary or memorable part of that eventful period. The bloody faction at Paris never exceeded a few hundred men; their talents were by no means of the highest order, nor their weight in society considerable; yet they trampled under foot all the influential classes, ruled mighty armies with absolute sway, kept 200,000 of their fellow-citizens in captivity, and daily led out several hundred persons, of the best blood in France, to execution. Such is the effect of the unity of action which atrocious wickedness produces;

such the ascendancy which in periods of anarchy is acquired by the most savage and lawless of the people. The peaceable and inoffensive citizens lived and wept in silence; terror crushed every attempt at combination; the extremity of grief subdued even the firmest hearts. In despair at effecting any change in the general sufferings, apathy universally prevailed, the people sought to bury their sorrows in the delirium of present enjoyments, and the theatres were never fuller than during the whole duration of the Reign of Terror. Ignorance of human nature can alone lead us to ascribe this to any peculiarity in the French character; the same effects have been observed in all parts and ages of the world, as invariably attending a state of extreme and long-continued distress. The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity; that of Robespierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism; that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity; that of Madame Roland and the Girondists, of deluded virtue; that of Louis and his family, of religious forgiveness. The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life; the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority in the supreme hour to the sublimest efforts of human virtue, which was evinced by the believers in his own faith."

The Tyrol. By H. D. Inglis. 2 vols.

[Second Notice: Conclusion.]

AT the conclusion of our last paper, we promised to accompany Mr. Inglis in his agreeable trip into the Tyrol from Bavaria; and we now redeem our pledge. On his journey he made the acquaintance of a Bavarian official, and afterwards visited his residence; the account of which is characteristic both of the people and of the country. It runs thus:—

"The employé's house was the best in Mittenwald; for in a frontier town, however insignificant the town, the inspector of the customs is a man of consideration, and he himself seemed to be one of the most contented of men. His wife—a remarkably agreeable and pretty young woman,—his children blue-eyed and rosy—his gun and his fishing rod always at command; and his little gallery of pictures, a never-failing resource—made a paradise for him in the midst of the Alps. He told me, his salary was five hundred florins (something less than 60*l.*); and that perquisites might be 20*l.* more. His expenses were extremely small. His house was his own; game and fish cost him nothing but powder and shot; his garden produced such vegetables as will grow in that elevated spot; he fed poultry of many kinds; his own cow gave him milk and butter; and therefore the greater part of his income was saved: he had only twenty florins to pay, as his proportion of the rent of a pasture for his cow; and he had nothing to buy but bread, wine, and foreign commodities, which consisted only of coffee, sugar, tobacco, and clothing. 'I save one half of my income,' said he; 'I go either to Innsbruck, Munich, or Salzburg, every year, to buy a picture; for which I allow one half of my savings. I have held this office fourteen years; and I have now twenty-six pictures in my little gallery.' This picture-gallery occupied one of the upper rooms in the house; and the owner had put himself to the expense of obtaining a light from the roof. 'Pan and Mercury' had already got a place; and every thing was in excellent order; possibly the ex-

* A picture, which he had shewn Mr. Inglis on the road.

pectation of my visit might have assisted in this. Considering the small means of the collector, the pictures might be called wonderful; and without any consideration of this kind, several of them did great credit to his taste and knowledge, and were really good pictures. Among these, were 'Susannah,' by Martin Schön; 'a bride,' by Denner; some ruins, and sheep grazing, by Warnberger; 'a girl playing a tambourine,' by Adrian Brouwer; a portrait which had every mark of a Vandyke; and a forest glade, by Ruysdael, worth more than all the money the whole collection had cost. It is a spectacle not without its interest, and even its grandeur,—that of a solitary lover of the fine arts, residing in the midst of the mountains, making a pilgrimage every year a hundred miles from home, with his savings in his purse, to purchase some addition to his little gallery; and returning with his treasure under his arm, to increase his stock of enjoyment for the year to come. The pleasure of the employé of Mittenwald was all his own. Not a soul in Mittenwald could distinguish between a daub and a *chef-d'œuvre*: even his wife, while she good-humouredly accompanied us to the gallery, admitted that she was no judge of pictures, but that since it gave her husband pleasure, she was pleased to have them; I noticed, however, that the children were furnished with paper and pencils, and had attempted to copy the 'girl with the tambourine.'"

Leaving this pleasant home, our countryman ascended the Iser and entered the Tyrol. Soon after which, he tells—

"The scenery now became finer and bolder than it had yet been; it might be called truly Alpine,—snow peaks began to appear, and around were all the indications of a high elevation. Soon after entering the Tyrol, the road crosses, and leaves the Iser, now dwindled into a mere brook, within a league or two of its source, and passes through a small mountain village, called Scharnitz. From this place of Seefeld, where I halted to breakfast, the scenery becomes still more striking; and an extraordinary number and variety of wild flowers cover the slopes and rocks by the wayside. I gathered abundance of that beautiful and sweet-smelling flower, the fringed pink, the wild polyanthus, and the rose d'amour; the box-shrub in flower formed in many places a thick underwood; large and beautiful heart-ease entirely covered some fields; and on every knoll and slope, and rocky nook, little companies of summer flowers, unknown to me by sight or name, were nestling, enjoying sweet fellowship, nodding to each other; all silent, but all smiling. I gathered no fewer than thirty-two different species; thirteen of which are cultivated in the English garden. At Seefeld the road has reached the highest point of the Tyrolean Alps which it traverses."

On this side of the Tyrol the people are represented as entertaining a marked hatred of the Austrian dominion: towards the south it is not so, at least not to such a degree. The country is, however, completely occupied by Austrian troops. On topics more congenial than political speculations to our pages, Mr. I. says—

"Every traveller entering the Tyrol must be struck, as I was, with the dress of the peasantry; we see stockings without feet to them—the reverse we have all seen—but this appears a strange usage: hats, tapering to the crown, something like Robinson Crusoe's, generally with green silk bands, and green tassels hanging from the crown at one side: and we

see women, with enormous white worsted caps, shaped also like sugar-loaves, and with dresses, underneath which there seems to be a hoop; but this extraordinary rotundity is occasioned by no fewer than ten petticoats, without which number an elderly woman is scarcely considered to be respectably attired. The young women do not appear to be in the secret of setting off their charms by a multitude of coverings: their clothing is not so voluminous as that of the seniors. I have seen the women a hundred times working in the fields with these cumbersome dresses and heavy caps, which weigh no less than six or seven lbs.*

It is a remarkable fact, but our author assures us, notwithstanding all our popular airs, &c. from this country, that the Tyrolese are not musical, but notoriously the reverse. In-spruck is a very interesting place, and rich in antiquities and noble works of art. The production of one of these was attended by a miracle, sorry are we to say unequalled in the biographies of Protestant artists.

"When Damien Asam (says Mr. I. on the authority of his cicerone) was engaged in painting the inside of the cupola of one of the churches—I forget which—and when he had just finished the hand of St. James, he stepped back on the scaffold where he stood to ascertain the effect: there was no friend at hand gifted with the presence of mind, which, by destroying the work, saved the artist, as we have it recorded of Sir James Thornhill, and therefore Damien Asam fell backward; but, to the astonishment of the awe-struck beholders, who were looking up from beneath, the hand and arm of the saint, which the artist had newly finished, was seen to extend itself from the fresco, and grasping the fortunate Asam by the arm, accompany him in his descent of two hundred feet, and bear him up so gently, that he reached the ground without the slightest shock. The man who related this spoke with the utmost gravity, and appeared satisfied with the grave looks with which I listened."

The salt-works at Hall, lower down the river Inn, deserve our notice.

"After breakfast (says our author) I proceeded to visit the mines, clothed in a suitable dress; and with a staff in my hand, and preceded by flambeaux, I followed my conductor into the mine. The visit commences with a descent of three hundred steps, when one may fairly believe himself in the bowels of the mountain. 'Tis a strange empire one finds in these dismal abodes; life is a different thing when sun-light is withdrawn; and there is an

icy feeling falls upon the heart, as well as on the senses, when we look around these dismal galleries and dark walls, dimly lighted by a few ineffectual flambeaux that convey truly the idea of 'darkness visible;' and scan the dark subterranean lakes, whose extent and profundity the eye cannot guess but by the plunge of a fragment of the roof, and the dim glimmer of the lights, and hear the distant stroke of the miner's axe far in the interior of the caverns; and still more do we feel the difference between the world above and regions such as these, when we reach the solitary miner, in some vast cavern, with his single candle, striking his axe ever and ever into the dull wall: but along with these feelings, astonishment and admiration are engendered at the power of man, whose perseverance has hollowed out the mountain; and with his seemingly feeble instruments, his human arms and little axe, has waged war with the colossal works of nature. The results are indeed almost incredible. No fewer than forty-eight caverns have been formed, each from one to two acres in size: one of the galleries is three leagues in length, and I was assured, that to traverse all the galleries six whole days would be required. The manner of proceeding is thus: when these subterranean caverns are formed, the miners detach fragments of the native salt from the roof and walls, and, when the cavern is sufficiently filled with these, pure water is let in, which dissolves the salt, and the water thus impregnated is, as I have already said, conveyed by the conduits from the mines to the manufactory of Hall. When I visited the mines some of these caverns were dry, and the miners were employed in them; others were salt lakes, in which the more silent operation was going on. Occasionally a distant hollow sound is heard, approaching nearer and nearer, which one might easily mistake for the rushing of water; this is occasioned by the little chariots which carry away rubbish to the mouth of the mine; the path is a rail-road, and these little chariots fly along it with frightful rapidity. When the sound is heard approaching, it is necessary to retire into one of the niches that are formed in the wall; and the young miners, seated in front of the chariots, seem, as they rush by, like gnomes directing their infernal cars. The number of miners employed is 300, and the pittance of wages which they receive is miserable. They are paid according to seniority; the oldest get thirty kreutzers, the youngest about fifteen. Their labour is not, however, without intermission, they work and rest four hours alternately; and Sunday is a holiday, as well as the other great feasts of the Catholic church. Though we regret to see the labour of the agriculturist suspended so frequently by feasts, we are disposed to reflect with greater complacency upon their institution, when we call to mind the labour of the miner. Interesting and curious as a spectacle of this kind is, it is impossible to be restored to 'the common sun and air' without a feeling of satisfaction; we are almost surprised to find how genial the sunshine is, and how beautiful the sky, and we drop with cheerfulness a mite into the poor miner's box. Before leaving the house where I had put on my dress, they shewed that which had been worn by the emperor when he visited the mines: it is of satin, trimmed with gold lace, and every way fit for an emperor. I had spent nearly three hours in the mine, and when I reached the superintendent's house, it was not without satisfaction that I saw the cheerful blaze of an

enormous wood fire; for, although it is not cold in the lower galleries, there is a damp chill which is more felt than the keenest air. I found a dinner awaiting me, which might have been called *recherche* even at Bouril-lier's; for, besides chamois of the most exquisite flavour, we had woodcock, and another bird which I had not seen before; in vegetables, indeed, our table was scanty; but good wine of Trent and French brandy made up for many deficiencies. I found the superintendent a well-informed man upon all that regarded his own affairs, and a staunch imperialist. There are two superintendents, who live by turns, each time two months, at Hall, and at the mines. Their salary is eight hundred florins (93*l*. 7*s*.) upon which they may live even affluently, especially as house and fire-wood cost nothing. During the winter months, however, I should think that even free fire-wood, and brandy *ad libitum*, will scarcely be sufficient to keep these wooden houses warm; and I was told, that the long continuance of a storm frequently obliges one person to remain at the mines four months in place of two."

We learn that the culture of Indian corn is pursued with great advantage in this country: it is the daily food of the inhabitants, and without it they could hardly exist. With regard to other productions we may cite the following:—

"Brixen, although a bishopric, is a small town, without trade or manufacture of any kind. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Rienz and the Eisach, and is surrounded by fertility. Here, for the first time, is seen the vine: but the country and climate are yet too upland to produce wine of much excellence. They make both red and white wine; but neither of them is generous or well flavoured, though great quantities of Brixen wine are consumed at Brixen, Sterzing, Pruniken, and in the valley of the Inn: the vine is accordingly extensively cultivated,—and they find a means of doing this with much economy of land; for the vine is planted in wooden troughs or mangers, at intervals of about four yards; an arch is formed with twigs across, from one to the other, and the vine therefore forms a bower above,—while the ground beneath produces grain of one kind or another; they have therefore a double crop from the land with only the deduction of the first outlay. The effect of this manner of planting is singular, and certainly gives great richness to the landscape: but the thick foliage of the vines preventing the access of the sun to the crops beneath, must be injurious to them. They no doubt find their advantage, however, in the system they adopt, else they would discontinue it. Cherries and some other fruits are much grown in the neighbourhood. The Tyrol is, indeed, throughout a fruit country, and sends fruit even as far as Munich: In-spruck is altogether supplied from the growths of Botzen and its neighbourhood. The cherry season had begun when I was at Brixen, but the cherries were not to be had in much perfection. I purchased some, for which I paid 1*d*. per lb. It was also the barley harvest, and the peasantry were all in the fields getting it in; it was cut with the scythe. How great a difference in climate and production a morning's walk had shewn me! at six in the morning all the pools crusted with ice, and in the afternoon the ripe barley gathered in. Brixen formerly possessed the same jurisdiction as Trent,—it sent deputies to the diet of the empire; and in the year 1080, a council was held at Brixen by the Emperor Henry IV.

* In another place we are informed, "I have already spoken of the dress of the women; but here, in the lower Innthal, it becomes more and more preposterous. In the Tyrol, vanity does not appear to be exercised on the same objects as elsewhere. A handsome leg, or at least a pretty ankle, is generally looked upon as not the least contemptible of female charms; but in the Tyrol it is otherwise: stockings, thick woollen stockings, are three times the length of the leg; and are, therefore, allowed to gather themselves in enormous folds and plaits, that render the ankle as thick as a moderate waist in Paris or elsewhere. It may be, indeed, that they look upon a charm as more a charm the more it is concealed. There is a limit, however, to this principle. I ought to mention, that the older the women are, they have the greater number of petticoats. The hostess and her daughter permitted me to satisfy my curiosity as to the number and quality of theirs. The mother, who was about fifty years of age, had nine; the eldest daughter, who looked almost thirty, but who assured me she was not yet twenty-three, wore six; and the younger, a girl of eighteen or nineteen, was contented with one less. All of these were of a woollen stuff, thicker in its texture than moderately thick flannel. The younger of the damsels was also prevailed upon to draw her stocking tight; but she was shocked at the display, and immediately reinstated the leg in its Tyrolean privileges. I do assure my fair readers, however, that had the leg so ensconced in woollen been fitted with an elastic silk stocking, it might have excited the envy of some of them."

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at which Gregory the Seventh was deposed. Thinking of these things, I wandered towards the cathedral, and found mass going on, and the church crowded: under the porch were several women sitting with baskets of cherries, one of whom performed the double vocation of selling fruit and sprinkling those who entered with holy water. I observed in walking in the neighbourhood, that upon the heights where vines were cultivated, walls were built, intersecting the hills exposed to the south, so that by the reflection of the sun's rays, the climate of the vine is made warmer. The same plan I have seen adopted, where one would imagine it to be less needed,—on the banks of the Rhone, between Lyons and Avignon, where the Hermitage and Côte Rotie are grown.

"At the table d'hôte at Lienz, I met a merchant of Warasdin, a town of Croatia, who was travelling with samples of cotton manufacture, which is carried on to some extent both in Warasdin and Fridau. He told me he could undersell both the French and British, even if a free trade were permitted in the Tyrol. At the head of his establishment at Warasdin he has an Englishman, from Belper in Derbyshire, who superintends the construction of machinery; and the cost of production has been consequently so diminished, that in the market of Trieste he is able to drive out British, and all other cottons of foreign manufacture. This merchant nearly succeeded in prevailing with me to accompany him to Croatia. He represented the banks of the Drave, in its descent from Lienz to its junction with the Mur at Legrad, as abounding in beauty and interest; he promised me that I should live for next to nothing; was extravagant in praise of the wine of Croatia, which he assured me was no ways inferior to Tokay; and quite enthusiastic in eulogising the beauty and graces of the Croatian females, who, he said, were more coveted by the grand seigneur for his harem than even the women of Georgia or Circassia. 'Foreigners, and especially Englishmen, are rare among us,' said he; 'our women would idolise you.' But, notwithstanding these flattering promises and enchanting representations, I adhered to my original plan, and prepared for a mountain ramble, north of Lienz, towards the great Glochner, which I half purposed ascending."

There are many other quotations which we could select for the illustration of this work; but we would rather refer to the original, where a variety of particulars relating to costume, agriculture, diet, &c. &c. will require the perusal. There is also a good sketch of the Tyrolean war of 1809—of Hofer and his companions—of mountain-storms—and a recipe, which we question the prudence of printing, how the author contrives to write such agreeable books (see p. 257. vol. i.). We wish we had such another for penning pleasant reviews; we would be selfish enough to keep the secret.

Practical Hints upon Landscape Gardening; with some Remarks on Domestic Architecture as connected with Scenery. By W. S. Gilpin, Esq. Large 8vo. pp. 228. London, 1833, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

We rejoice to see that a new edition of this interesting work is called for, by the love of cultivating Nature in one of her nearest, most familiar, and most charming relations to social life. Tardy spring is just opening upon us; and now the eye of taste looks around to see where improvements can be made in those delightful spots which, from the small patch of the peasant, to the spacious domain of the peer,

are so well calculated to afford a pleasure to our summer and autumn hours of relaxation. The well-known value of Mr. Gilpin's Hints, and their effect in advancing and refining the portion of our home-enjoyments connected with the garden, render it unnecessary for us to say more than that this edition contains graphic embellishments which at once adorn the work and illustrate its instructions. The many recent and beautiful additions made to our Flora enable us to variegated and enrich this domestic luxury in a manner of which our forefathers could hardly dream, except in poetical and imaginative descriptions of enchanted scenes and sunny climes.

The Book of the Nursery: Precepts for the Management of Infants, and for the Prevention and Domestic Treatment of the Diseases incidental to Childhood. By Walter C. Dendy, &c. 32mo. pp. 162. London, 1833. Whittaker.

HIGHLY judicious remarks and directions concerning the management of children constitute the merit of this volume. We think that Mr. Dendy has done valuable service to the rising generation by its production. If we consider for a moment the immense mortality amongst infants, which may for the most part be mainly attributed to mismanagement, arising either from ignorance or prejudice, we shall be the better able to estimate his deserts who thus puts into our hands a means of rescuing so many little sufferers from the tomb.

The Botanical Miscellany. Part IX. By W. J. Hooker, LL.D., &c. London, 1833. Murray.

THE present number concludes the very interesting account of Madagascar. It contains likewise a detail of the mode of administering the tanghena or ordeal. We extract the following passage:

"The accused person having eaten as much boiled rice as possible, swallows, without mastication, three pieces of the skin of a fowl, each about the size of a dollar. He is then required to drink the test, a small quantity scraped of the tanghena nut, mixed with the juice of bananas. The 'panozondoha' (denouncer of the curse or imprecation), then placing his hand on the head of the accused, pronounces the formula of imprecation, invoking all direful curses on him if guilty. Soon after this, large quantities of rice-water are administered. The contents of the stomach are consequently ejected;—and if, on examination, the three pieces of skin are found, all is well, the party is pronounced 'madio,' clean—legally and morally innocent of the charge,—but if otherwise, guilt has fixed its stain, that stain is indelible, and the disgrace incurred is irreparable."

The plates are well executed.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

ON Tuesday evening Mr. Wilkinson, the eminent gun-maker, was to have delivered some observations on the manufacture of fire-arms, but was prevented by illness; and Mr. Aikin, the secretary, in order that there might be no blank in these evening illustrations, gave a lecture on tortoise-shell comb-making.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

AT the last meeting for scientific purposes, there was read, observations, by Mr. Bennett, on a new quadruped, allied to the *viverra*, but forming the type of a new genus, received from

Madagascar. By the liberality of Mr. Steedman, who has just returned from the interior of Southern Africa with a splendid collection of preserved animals, many of which had never been brought to England, two species new to science were exhibited and described to the meeting. One consists of an animal allied to the *Proteles* (Cuv.), but displaying characters which induce Mr. Steedman to separate it as the type of a new genus, viz. *Alopecurus*, from its fox-like tail,—its generic appellation was taken from the name of its enterprising owner, and the animal will stand as the *Alopecurus Steedmanii*. The other animal, from the collection alluded to, and which we have reason to believe will be opened for public exhibition, is a magnificent species of antelope, also new, though allied to the *Antelope equina*,—from which it differs remarkably in having the horns bent forwards, and in other respects. A paper, of great interest, by Colonel Sykes, on the colouring-matter, growth, and the various changes of the hair and feathers of animals, was read. The lecture at the same meeting was on *Amphibia*, the order containing the frog, toad, salamander, proteus, &c.; called by some naturalists *batrachian reptiles*. They are divided into two, *Perennibranchia* and *Caducibranchia*; to the former belong the toad and the frog, to the latter the proteus. The changes, the circulation, the osteology, and the habits of these animals, were minutely detailed, and their place alluded to, as forming the link between true air-breathing vertebrata and fishes, and which may be considered in the light of tadpoles,—their state and condition as such being permanent. All the amphibia begin their career as water-breathing animals, and gradually undergo such organic modifications at fit them for their terrestrial abode. Into these modifications the lecturer entered, and detailed the process from the egg through the tadpole state to that of the perfect frog.

At the monthly meeting held on Thursday week, fellows were elected, and satisfactory reports read. The lecture on Tuesday preceding was on the *Saurian* reptiles, i. e. crocodiles and lizards: their general characters, habits, and manners, were sketched. The crocodiles and the alligators were exhibited as the pigmy representatives of a race which once existed, but whose remains only proclaim their having once ravaged the surface of our earth; the *megalosaurus*, *plesiosaurus*, and *ichthyosaurus*, (specimens of the former, the great lizard, must have attained the length of forty feet, and stood eight feet high!) gigantic monsters, which once roamed over the tract of land upon which we dwell, and where the little *Iacerta agilis* now nestles among the herbage—their degenerate, but more welcome, representatives. Most of these animals are carnivorous. The *ignanas*, however, of South America and the West Indies are feeders upon vegetables, and their flesh is delicate and agreeable. The external covering is such as suits cold-blooded animals—plates, scales, or naked skin; their heat is that of the medium in which they live. The *Saurian* reptiles are multitudinous, especially in the warm portion of the globe, where heat and moisture combine to render the situation a favourable habitat.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE first conversazione of a society of artists under this name, and consisting of one hundred eminent painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, took place at the Adelaide Rooms on Thursday evening. There are to be six monthly meetings, and every member is to have the privilege of introducing a friend.

The members are to contribute rare and interesting works for the *nonce*; but there is to be no trading exhibition, no buying and selling, which has caused several associations of a like kind to degenerate into a bazaar character. The meeting on Thursday was highly agreeable and intellectual, being attended by distinguished strangers as well as artists; and the promise of great future pleasure is certainly held out by the plan and its excellent commencement.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

WE had on Saturday last the gratification of being present at the unrolling or opening of one of those remains of Egyptian mortality, knowledge, and science, which have descended to us in the tomb of so many centuries; and one which, at the same time, shews both their wealth and their veneration for their dead of the ancient people of Egypt—a mummy. Previous to the commencement of the unwinding, Mr. Pettigrew delivered a short explanation of the little-known process of Egyptian embalment, and also described some curious circumstances relative to those mummies which were opened by Belzoni (at which he himself assisted), and one that was unrolled by Dr. Granville,—amongst which it was stated, that a part of the flesh, upon being separated from the body and subjected to a process of boiling, so as to extract the wax and bituminous matter which it had absorbed, that flesh, though it had been embalmed and buried for nearly three thousand years, assumed the character and appearance, and became subject to a decomposition, similar to that which takes place on a body recently dead. On Saturday there were two mummies on the table at the Charing Cross Hospital. In the first the bitumen, &c. had been, to all appearance, applied so extremely hot, that it had not only completely destroyed all trace of the flesh, but had rendered the bones so brittle, that when a small piece of the thigh-bone was taken out, it was snapped with the greatest ease betwixt the finger and thumb. The second was in a state of the highest preservation—we should think, indeed, that it is the most perfect that has ever been unrolled in this country. The legs and arms, under the soles of the feet, and, in fact, all the muscular parts of the body, with the exception of the neck, presented rather a withered than a sunken appearance, and were in most parts soft and elastic to the touch, when the finger was lightly pressed against them. Amongst other peculiarities, there was on the head, and on several parts of the body, patches of gold, which proves indisputably the fact, and what was heretofore much doubted, that the Egyptians not only gilded the nails of the hands and feet of their dead, but in many instances subjected the whole of the body to the same process. The mouth was so completely covered, and the lips so firmly fixed together with the bituminous matter, which appeared to have been poured over these parts in a liquid and heated state, that it was impossible to observe whether any coins had, as was usually the custom, been placed within the mouth. Mr. Pettigrew stated, that he should subject the flesh and intestines to a series of experiments and examinations, without exactly stating their nature, and that he would feel obliged to any of the scientific persons present for any hints or information in the progress of his undertaking. We shall look forward with anxiety to the result. The room was attended by many men of literature and

science, who warmly greeted the able lecturer when he had concluded his interesting work.

At Mr. Pettigrew's *conversazione* on Thursday evening, we again saw the mummy completely disencumbered of bandages. No coin was discovered in the mouth, as had been confidently anticipated; but what was supposed to be a roll of papyrus was found between the legs. This curious relic, however, appears so much scorched and distorted, from having been, it is presumed, immersed in boiling asphaltum, that considerable skill and labour will be necessary to accomplish its development. The head and body of the mummy were covered with patches of gilding of an oblong square form, about three quarters of an inch in breadth, and an inch and a half in length. These ornaments were disposed upon the limbs with corresponding regularity, and about the forehead appear to have formed almost a wreath, there being three or four patches placed almost at right angles. The beard was quite perfect, and apparently of that colour distinguished by the name of "carrot red." This, it might be presumed, was the natural colour, did not the head of the other mummy, which was unrolled at the same time, (and such was its fragile state, we understand, that the head of it alone has been preserved), present a similar appearance. It is, therefore, fairly conjectured that the natural colour of the hair has been changed by the process of embalming. What rendered the exhibition at Mr. Pettigrew's extremely interesting, was the opportunity of comparison which was afforded with other mummies—one from Teneriffe, believed to be of extreme antiquity, and a natural British one, we believe from St. Saviour's church, and said to be of the age of Charles the First.

The very perfect specimen of Egyptian art which we have described, measures about five feet four inches in height, and is apparently the body of a man between fifty and sixty years of age. The nose is high and inclining to aquiline; the forehead retreating, and the top of the head remarkably elevated; from which indication some believers in phrenology have pronounced the mummy to be that of a "pious priest."

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN MAGNETISM.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—As a subject of great interest to the scientific public, permit me to introduce more fully to the notice of your readers the interesting discoveries in magnetism of Professor Keil, of Jena, and more particularly the novel and peculiar application of this agency to the cure of disease. At a late meeting of the Royal Society, the professor was introduced, for the purpose of presenting to the notice of the fellows some of his improved magnets, of a very superior power, as well as for explaining their efficacy in the cure of nervous diseases, and to which they have been very extensively and successfully applied by Dr. K. on the continent. As this peculiar application so soon follows the development of the interesting experiment which places the identity of the matter of electricity with that of magnetism beyond any doubt, viz. eliciting a spark from a powerful magnet, it is likely to attract a degree of attention, which, without such an introduction, would not have been readily accorded.

It is evident, from the very far superior degree of power possessed by Dr. Keil's magnet, that he adopts some mode of accumulating an intensity of magnetic force, superior to any method known or adopted by English philo-

sophers. A small lyre-shaped magnet, of which he is possessed, weighing but 5 lbs., is capable of sustaining a weight varying from 100 to 130 lbs., according to the state of the atmosphere; magnetism as well as electricity being greatly modified by atmospheric influence. This must be acknowledged to possess a greater intensity of accumulation of magnetic force than in any magnets of equal size hitherto known; whilst the professor assures me that the power contained is permanent, even without the continuous contact of the bar. This magnet is also possessed of very singular properties of inducing chemical action, in reddening vegetable blues, accelerating crystallisation, and in the decomposition of the deuto-chloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), properties of magnetism treated of by Hansteen, Ludecke, Kastner, Murray, &c. The professor has also constructed a galvanometer of surprising delicacy, and susceptibility to the least impression of thermometric influence.

But the most surprising point connected with these magnets is their singular efficacy, discovered by the professor, in the cure of diseases connected with the nervous system, as in neuralgia, cephalalgia, &c., and in alleviating the worst symptoms of tic douloureux, epilepsy, paralysis, rheumatism, gout, spasm, &c. In these complaints the most immediate relief is obtained; and from various instances of its efficacy in trials which I saw made at a public infirmary, I feel convinced that this discovery of a new branch of the healing art must shortly rank as a new era in the history of medicine. A most singular proof of the susceptibility of nervous sympathy to magnetic influence, is shewn by the diminution of temperature induced through the course of a nerve by the application of the magnet, amounting to a painful sensation of cold, and sinking the thermometer to five or seven degrees: a fact which must be sufficient to convince the most sceptical or prejudiced observer.

If the identity of electricity with magnetism be now fully established, it is certain that the matter existing in, or excited by, modifications peculiar to each, must be most perfectly condensed in its form in the magnet; and hence all the medicinal results obtained from the administration of the former agents can be insured by Dr. Keil's application of the latter; and the medical practitioner is possessed of a powerful remedial agent, in its most eligible form for exhibition.

Trusting that this subject may receive from yourself and scientific correspondents the attention to which it is so deservedly entitled,

I am, &c. A. BOOTH,

April 10th, 1833.

Lecturer on Chemistry, &c.

THE KING'S THEATRE: MR. ADAMS'S ASTRONOMICAL LECTURE.

ON Saturday last, Mr. Adams took leave of his auditory after his short lenten season at the King's Theatre, under circumstances not only highly gratifying to himself, but affording us a convincing proof that this most sublime of all sciences is sought after with increasing avidity. The theatre was crowded in every part, and hundreds were turned away from the doors; many with the full expectation that another opportunity would be afforded them of attending this most interesting lecture,—a request with which we were indeed surprised that Mr. Adams did not comply, till we heard of his misfortune in breaking the machinery of the Tellurian.

We have no doubt, however, from the unanimous and long-continued plaudits with which

his farewell address was received, that his return to the King's Theatre will be anxiously looked for.

Carpenter's Microcosm.—We have again visited with great gratification Mr. Carpenter's (original) solar microscope, which he now illuminates by hydro-oxygen gas. The various minute objects in nature rendered beautiful or terrific by being magnified to hundreds of thousand times their size, form altogether an exhibition as interesting as it is extraordinary. The surprise and delight with which persons, and especially the young, see it for the first time, is not one of the least entertaining of its daily features. Microscopes, kaleidoscopes, with moving fountains, cosmoramas, and other optical spectacles, complete the attractions of this popular and instructive lounge.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR G. OUSELEY in the chair.—After various donations were announced, the reading of Captain Swanston's account of the Syrian Christians of Malabar was resumed; bringing down the historical portion from the landing of Mar Ignatius at Meliapur in 1654, to the year 1826. On the suppression of the power of the Jesuits in Malabar by the conquests of the Dutch, the Syro-Roman Catholics, or old Christians, as they termed themselves, became divided into two sects; and the quarrels of the schismatics continued with more or less of violence until the year 1715, when they were finally divided under three ecclesiastical jurisdictions, the archbishopric of Cranganore, the bishopric of Quilon and Cochin, and that of the vicar-apostolic of Venapoly. The schismatics, Jacobites, or new Christians, as they were termed by the members of the Romish communion, were exposed to powerful enemies, both emissaries from the papal see, and the native sovereigns of the country; but notwithstanding these difficulties, Mar Thomas, the successor of Mar Ignatius, upheld the dignity of his office with a lofty and independent spirit. The history is, for the most part, composed of details of the disagreements of the aspirants to ecclesiastical power in the Syro-Christian church; and concludes by some account of the improvement in the condition of the people since the rise of British influence in the provinces where they reside. A separate chapter is devoted to an account of their present state.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Fourth notice.]

No. 264. *An Affray with Smugglers and a Party of the 1st, or King's Dragoon Guards.* H. P. Parker.—They whose imagination cannot keep pace with the often animated descriptions of such rencontres, may here see them represented to the life. The sword of the soldier, pointed at one of the smugglers, who is in the act of cocking his pistol, whilst another of the party is presenting his at the dragoon, divides the interest, and appears to balance the fate of the two in equal scales.

No. 163. *Fisherman's Children.* J. Tennant.—It is fortunate for an artist, when his labours are brought to a successful issue, that his work should be so placed as to be near enough for inspection, as well for its details as for its general effect. No picture in the present gallery will bear the ordeal of being exam-

ined with more favourable results to its merits.

No. 156. *Roman Boy, with Fruit.* R. Edmonstone.—Rome again! still, however, exhibiting some of the best qualities of its school. It is only when our artists transfer to their canvasses the patchwork whims of Roman costume, or the hard and cold texture of Roman marbles, that any fair objection can be made to studying at Rome.

No. 56. *The Young Fisherman's Song, Bay of Naples.* T. Uwins.—A picture of light-hearted gaiety, in a style perfectly consonant to the character of the subject.

No. 245. *Return from Market.* T. Clater.—This performance, like an unvarnished tale, satisfies all, who are competent to judge of its truth, of the resemblance which in all its parts it bears to nature.

No. 212. *Lady Jane Grey, when in confinement in the Tower, visited by Feckenham.* William Fisk.—A picture of powerful contrast in character and expression, and no less so in its colouring and *chiaro-scuro*. The look and action of the vindictive priest are admirably met by the calm and steady features of the unfortunate lady. This performance altogether does great credit to the talents of the artist.

Nos. 91 and 93. *Studies of Plato.* G. Lance.—The name of Mr. Lance has long been a guarantee for the excellence of his works. In these studies we recognise the very soul and spirit of Benvenuto Cellini's inventions, in which the excellence of the artist gave a hundred-fold value to the costly materials.

No. 79. *Thieves! Thieves!* R. Farrier.—The effect of this exclamation is seen in the countenance of an alarmed youngster, who has crammed his mouth with some of the dainties of a table spread out for an entertainment. The subject is equally whimsical and well painted. But our attention has been attracted to another of this clever artist's pictures, with a title no less whimsical; we mean No. 350. *Master is very ill.* It represents the exuberance of a schoolboy's joy for an unexpected holiday; but carries with it a melancholy reflection. "Is it not," as old Lear says, "as if this mouth should tear this hand for lifting food to it?"

ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIS new off-shoot of our prolific school of the fine arts has taken a step in advance of their elder brethren, and we had our private view in time for a short notice this week, previous to the opening on Monday. We have to express the high satisfaction we experienced at observing in the *coup-d'œil* the marked improvement upon the exhibition of last season. One landscape, of sea and tower, by Mr. Bentley, is one of the most masterly productions we have ever seen in this line of art; and it is well accompanied by the many clever works which surround it,—landscapes, life-subjects, interiors, &c. &c. &c. A visit to Bond Street will amply reward the amateur and lover of our native arts.

OLD PAINTINGS.

We have been favoured with the sight of a small but select collection of paintings by old masters, on view, by card, in Old Bond Street, in which are some very striking and beautiful examples. Among them an "Ecce Homo," by Carlo Dolci; a "Head of Christ crowned with thorns," by Guido; "The Virgin and Child," by Murillo; and others, by Raphael, Rembrandt, Vandyke, P. Veronese, &c. are no less choice of their class than interesting in their subjects.

SCULPTURE.

AN exhibition of models is soon to be opened, which will contain a novelty in that department of the fine arts, viz. a group from Shakespeare. It consists, we understand, of Sir John Falstaff, Mistress Doll, and Bardolph.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Fables, original and selected, of the late James Northcote, R.A. Second Series; illustrated by two hundred and eighty engravings on wood. Murray.

WHEN the first series of Mr. Northcote's fables appeared, we spoke of them, and more especially of the beauty of their embellishments, with the praise which they deserved. It seems that Mr. Northcote left to Mr. Edmund Southey Rogers the copyright of the series now under our notice, and bequeathed a sum towards their being published, with directions that they should in every way be equal to the first volume. Mr. Rogers has obeyed the injunction in a manner highly honourable to him; for a more tastefully got up little work we never met with. Of the memoir (derived principally from Mr. Northcote's own letters and writings) which is prefixed to the fables, and of the fables themselves, (several of the selected ones, we are proud to see, taken from the *Literary Gazette*), this is not the place to treat; and we shall therefore confine our remarks to the pictorial portion of the book. As in the first volume, every fable has an illustrative head-piece. The manner in which these have been produced is well relating. "It was by a curious process," says Mr. Rogers, "that Mr. Northcote really made the designs for these fables the amusement of his old age; for his talent as a draftsman (excelling as he did in animals) was rarely required by this undertaking. His general practice was, to collect great numbers of prints of animals, and to cut them out; he then moved such as he selected about upon the surface of a piece of paper, until he had illustrated the fable by placing them to his satisfaction, and had thus composed his subject; then fixing the different figures with paste to the paper, a few pen or pencil touches rendered this singular composition complete enough to place in the hands of Mr. Harvey, by whom it was adapted or freely translated on the blocks for the engravers." Most of these designs are eminently characteristic; for instance, "The two Swine," "The Monkeys," "Party Quarrels," "The Ape and the Beaver," "The Jay and the Owl," "The Carrier and his Horse," "Low Ambition," "The Lion, the Dog, and the Ape," "The Epicure and the Physician," &c. But we confess that we are still more pleased with the Initials and the Vignettes, which are entirely of Mr. Harvey's invention; and we are quite of opinion, with Mr. Rogers, that "the ability and judgment displayed in their adaptation are an additional confirmation of his (Mr. Harvey's) taste, and of the fertility of his conception." The mode of their execution is a proof of the perfection to which the art of engraving on wood has arrived in this country. It is but justice to the various artists employed to state their names, viz. J. Thompson, Landalls (by whom the whole of the Ornamental Letters have been engraved), Eliza Thompson, Thurston Thompson, Nesbit, Jackson, T. Williams, Branstom and Wright, Martin, Slader, Gorway, Miss Williams, White, Bonner, Albert Thompson, J. Smith, and C. Thompson. No description can give any notion of the delicacy, richness, and beauty of these gems; but we would point out as among the

most exquisite, the Ornamental Letters to Fables 3, 6, 8, 25, 26, 38, 54, 81, 85, 90, &c.; and the Vignettes to Fables 2, 3, 9, 16, 19, 21, 25, 31, 34, 36, 37, 38, 44, 46, 52, 55, 58, 63, 69, 71, 73, 75, 81, 85, 93, 94, 96, 97, &c. We must not omit to observe, that Mr. Rogers makes the acknowledgments which are justly due to Mr. Whittingham "for the very superior and careful manner in which he has printed the volume."

Gallery of Portraits. No. XI. C. Knight. Of the three heads—Pascal, Erasmus, Titian—which ornament the present number, that of the great master of the Venetian school is, as it ought to be, decidedly the finest. It has been sweetly engraved by W. Holl, from the picture of Titian and Aretine, painted by Titian, in his Majesty's collection at Windsor.

The Byron Gallery. Part V. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE Illustrations in this part are from Marino Faliero, Childe Harold, Don Juan, and Lara; and the artists by whom they have been contributed are R. Westall, R.A., E. T. Parris, H. Richter, and S. J. E. Jones. Our favourites are the rich and elegant composition by Mr. Parris, and the sylph-like figure of the "One fair Spirit," by Mr. Richter; both from Childe Harold.

Memorials of Oxford. Edited by the Rev. J. Ingram, D.D. President of Trinity College. No. VI. Tilt.

"MAGDALEN College, from the walk," and "The Cloister, Magdalen College," are the pleasing embellishments of the sixth number of Dr. Ingram's valuable and interesting publication.

Twenty Lithographic Sketches of Mansions in the Old English Style of Architecture.

SOME of them are drawn with spirit and feeling, and may serve as useful memoranda of the buildings they represent, and of the style they illustrate. The literary notices which accompany the plates are meagre and unsatisfactory.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane has done nothing for the holidays but reproduce *Robert the Devil*, and some worn-out comedies. The result has been wretched houses.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Easter Monday Mr. Farley treated us with one of those supernatural mixtures yeclpt Easter pieces—and well it is that they have a name of their own; for, from high tragedy down to the light and elegant vaudeville, there is nothing to express one tithe part of the incongruities which are crammed into these much-looked-for Easter pieces. Of the one produced here, in regard to the dialogue we cannot say a word in its praise, except that it is (what it perhaps ought to be) nonsense. The scenery is beautiful; and if there has been poverty in the pen, it has by no means been extended to the brush. A tapestried chamber, in particular, in the first act, is one of the best paintings we ever saw upon the stage; and the last scene is remarkable for some admirable aerial groupings and effect. Keeley, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Vining, Miss E. Romer, Mr. Haines, and Mr. Payne, all exerted themselves; and, in company with real horses and dogs, will, no doubt, render the *Grim Grey Woman* attractive to the holiday play-going folks.

On Wednesday we witnessed the personation

of *Othello* by Mr. Aldridge, a native of Senegal, and fitted by his nativity and complexion to play the part without the aid of art. The effort is a curious one, if we view it in connexion with the question of the inferiority of race; which, however, seems hardly necessary to be raised on such an occasion, and we shall therefore merely speak of the performance. Without reaching the force and vigour with which we have been accustomed to see the Moor represented by our foremost tragedians, there was yet a great deal of merit in Mr. Aldridge's conception and execution of the part. Its fault was a certain degree of tameness; but tameness is better than rant, which too often obtains the applause of the million. Had the actor been a white man instead of an African, we should have said that his *Othello* was very correct, except in some cases of pronunciation, and above the rank of respectable. He seems perfectly acquainted with stage effect, and in dying resorted to a capital stage mode of portraying death, which, though invariably hurraed, is utterly inconsistent with truth—we allude to the becoming quite rigid at once, and falling a stiffened corpse within a moment after life's action has ceased.

In the *Elfin Sprite*, Mr. Meadows took Keeley's character on a moment's notice—(we are sorry to say on account of the indisposition of the latter)—and acquitted himself most humorously and ably, as he always does.

Power has returned to this theatre, where he seems much more at home than at the other; and with Vestris has shewn us what the *Invincibles* are, every alternate evening.

ENGLISH OPERA: ADELPHI.

THE first novelty produced here on its opening on Monday, and repeated nightly since, will, we hope, be an omen; for its success has been complete: many others are announced as in preparation, and they cannot do better than follow his Spanish majesty's example, for it has been a very good one. *Philip of Anjou* is founded on a German story, which was translated in a very pleasant collection of tales published some years since by the Misses Corbet. The youth of royalty is usually the period in which the romance of history delights; some slight adventure is worked up with a touch of sentiment, and such form our most popular fictions. A youthful prince wandering *incognito* must have something extraordinary befall him, and love and treason are the necessary ingredients. Of such materials is the plot of *Philip of Anjou* composed; and the result is a drama of picturesque situations and well-sustained interests. The young duke (personated by Miss Murray, who looked prettily, moved gracefully, and shewed very sufficient cause for the predilection she inspires), is saved from the treacherous designs of his companion, by a youthful peasant, who overhears the conspirators, and contrives to delay his departure till the arrival of the Spanish ambassador and his train. Miss Fergusson acted *Louise* charmingly, particularly the scene where, in despair at the failure of her first scheme for his detention, she accuses him of having stolen the jewels he has been lavishly distributing: her changes of countenance, from satisfaction to anxiety, and the gradual way in which she works herself up to the accusation, were full of expression and feeling. Reeve, as the lover, was, as usual, imitable; there is a buoyancy in his humour that carries you along with it: some one says very truly, "that the secret of communicating enjoyment is to enjoy yourself;" and Reeve seems to enjoy his own mirth so thoroughly, that he makes you laugh as much from sympathy as

amusement. It would puzzle the Calculating Boy himself to reckon his multitude of faces. We have but time to add, that the rest of the performance was very satisfactory; and so the audience seemed to think. In other pieces we see our old Mercurial favourite, Wrench, Miss Pincott, Miss Novello, and other popular members of the dramatic society.

HAYMARKET.

THE Haymarket commenced its lengthened season on Monday with the comedy of *John Bull*; Mrs. Yates making her first appearance here in the character of *Mary Thornbury*, which she performed, as indeed she does every thing, with perfect truth and nature. Dowton was imperfect or oblivious, and made some most murderous attacks upon that inoffensive person, the king's English. Weekes is a clever *Dennis Bulgruddery*, in spite of his size. The *Twin Sisters*, or *Open House*, followed; a clever and entertaining farce from the pen of Mr. Buckstone. The situations chiefly arise from the great similarity between two sisters, and the errors which their respective lovers in consequence commit. Mrs. Honey and Miss Vincent are the sisters, and a very sweet couple they were and are; for with Mrs. Glover as a maneuvering mother, we prophesy that the *Twin Sisters* will keep *Open House* at the Haymarket for some time to come.

VARIETIES.

Early Virtue!—A child of about two years and a half old, and who had never heard of Temperance Societies, has lately been detected in the indulgence of strange potations in St. George's Hospital. For a while the spirit of wine in the coppers' glasses had been found to have evaporated, and no one could tell how; till at last this young urchin was discovered to be very drunk; and on inquiry it appeared that he was in the habit of sucking these receptacles whenever he could lay his hands and mouth to them.

Modern Chivalry.—A raconteur was telling a long story about the coach on which he was seated having been run away with, the coachman tumbled off, the horses at full gallop, &c.: as they flew, expecting momentary death, he observed a waggon on the road; and in his terror resolved, whether they came into collision or not, to leap into the more solid and steady vehicle. "You were determined to ride full tilt," observed a listening punster. "No," replied the story-teller, "it was to avoid a turn-I-meant."

March of Intellect!—A new weekly journal was announced at Sydney, under the title of the *Currency Lad*, to be conducted by Horatio Wills, a native.—*Hobart Town Courier*, Sept. 7.

Dangerous Cargo.—A very severe encounter took place a short time ago betwixt one of our colonial schooners and a party of New Zealanders. It appears that this vessel, during her last trip to Sydney, had procured a number of native heads, and also brought up a chief with them. While the chief was on board, the captain had occasion to overhaul his stock of heads, and they were all incautiously exposed to his companion. The chief caught a glimpse of them, and recognised the heads of some of his own relatives. He said but little at the time; but when he returned to the islands, he procured a party to revenge the insult given him. They immediately commenced firing upon the schooner, and a regular fire was kept up between both parties for some time, when the vessel

weighed anchor and sheered off. It is more than probable, that if the schooner had not crowded all sail, the captain and crew would have been sacrificed, and an exchange of heads taken place!—*Sydney Herald, Aug. 2.*

The following was the state of the thermometer at Gongo Soco, in Minas Geraes, Brazil, for last October and November:—

October.		November.	
Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.
Morning 69	58	70	61
Noon... 78	59	76	61
Night... 73	58	74	61

Of the Barometer.

Oct. 1832. Varying from 27.55 to 27.8.
Nov. 1832. Varying from 27.55 to 27.65.

Gold and Silver.—Mr. Jacob, in his late valuable work on the precious metals, appears to entertain considerable doubts that the supply will continue to equal former averages, or meet the consumption in ornaments, gilding, &c. In round numbers, we may assume that the

Total coin left in 1809 was	£380,000,000
And in twenty years, or in 1829, it was reduced to	313,000,000
The produce, on an average, of fifty-nine years, up to 1810, from all sources, was annually	8,000,000
From 1810 to 1829, only	5,000,000
While he estimates the total annual consumption of the precious metals to be about	6,000,000

The very unsettled state of the New World for the latter period may readily account for the great falling off; but some of the mines now working have produced very large quantities of silver, although much, if not all, has been eaten up in expenses: this, however, does not affect the produce. As long as the metal is raised, so much is added to the general mass. The large quantity of gold now produced in Russia, in 1830 equal to 700,000*l.* sterling, may ultimately tend to alter the relative value of gold and silver: and should the fact, which has been demonstrated at the Imperial Brazilian Mine, that gold does exist in lodes, and is subject to similar laws with the other metals, lead to further effects and consequences, may we not hereafter, at depths beyond what now can be reached, meet with the same lodes of increased size, and the masses of metal large? A mass of twenty-five pounds has once been found in Russia; a rival, weighing twenty-one pounds, has, so recently as the end of November 1832, been discovered in the gold lode of the Imperial Brazilian Company. During the last four years this mine has raised about 14,000 pounds of gold, which may be considered more than equal to 600,000*l.* sterling. The fact that gold does exist in lodes being satisfactorily established, the possibility of finding, at perhaps great depths, some of large size, must be admitted. In copper mines hundreds of tons of ore are produced: what a depreciation would arise in the value of gold, should such masses ever be found! for each ton at the present price would more than equal 100,000*l.*

Earthquakes.—On the evening of the 8th of February two shocks of earthquake were experienced in the island of St. Kitt's. The first was the most violent, and lasted about twenty seconds. Great consternation was excited by these appalling phenomena, but fortunately no injury was done. Nearer home we hear of a similar occurrence. The convulsion was felt last Sunday sennight at Horsham in Sussex.

A new Method of making an Offer.—“Really, Mr. Von Wheeler, you and your umbrella seem to be perfectly inseparable.” “We are—will you allow me to present you with my umbrella?”—*The Knickerbocker.*

Impromptu on Mr. —'s late Alarm.
“Frighten'd out of his wits.”—His wits! did you say? He never had any to frighten away.

“*Wanted a good Neighbour.*”—Such was the advertisement that appeared in the *Morning Post* last week: it detailed the divers advantages of the situation—how there were both butcher and baker in the village—also seven families of conservative principles; and concluding by observing that the applicant was expected to be equally open respecting his circumstances and manners. We should think the answers must be alike amusing and embarrassing: for quere, would our own report of our manners be considered sufficient? We ourselves have thoughts of ruralising, and have half a mind to answer the advertisement. Surely our readers will vouch for how very agreeable we always are.—*Nota Bene.* Should any one feel themselves particularly pleasant people, and not have seen the prospect held out in the *Morning Post*, they may address, post paid, to Messrs. Newton, house-agents.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dr. Bernays announces a new work for beginners in the German language, to be called the German Reader.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 28	From 26. to 42.	29.96 to 29.95
Friday... 29	28. to 42.	29.93 to 29.99
Saturday... 30	29. to 41.	29.95 to 29.81
Sunday... 31	26. to 52.	29.73 to 29.61
April.		
Monday... 1	40. to 52.	29.25 to 29.06
Tuesday... 2	42. to 54.	29.08 to 29.20
Wednesday 3	44. to 56.	29.40 to 29.53

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 30th and 31st, generally cloudy; with frequent rain on the 1st and 3d.
Rain fallen, 2.25 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 4	From 40. to 53.	29.55 to 29.63
Friday... 5	35. to 51.	29.79 to 29.91
Saturday... 6	40. to 57.	29.93 to 29.80
Sunday... 7	31. to 57.	29.93 to 29.67
Monday... 8	33. to 51.	29.89 to 29.98
Tuesday... 9	29. to 52.	30.02 to 29.94
Wednesday 10	38. to 55.	29.77 to 29.52

Wind, N.E. and S.W., the latter prevailing.
The 6th and two following days generally clear; otherwise cloudy, with frequent rain.
Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

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ERRATA.—In the letter signed “G. Huntly Gordon,” among our Notices to Correspondents of March 30, first line of inscription, for “clanners' read ‘clannes;’ and in the third line, for “in days of auld” read “in the days of auld.”

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